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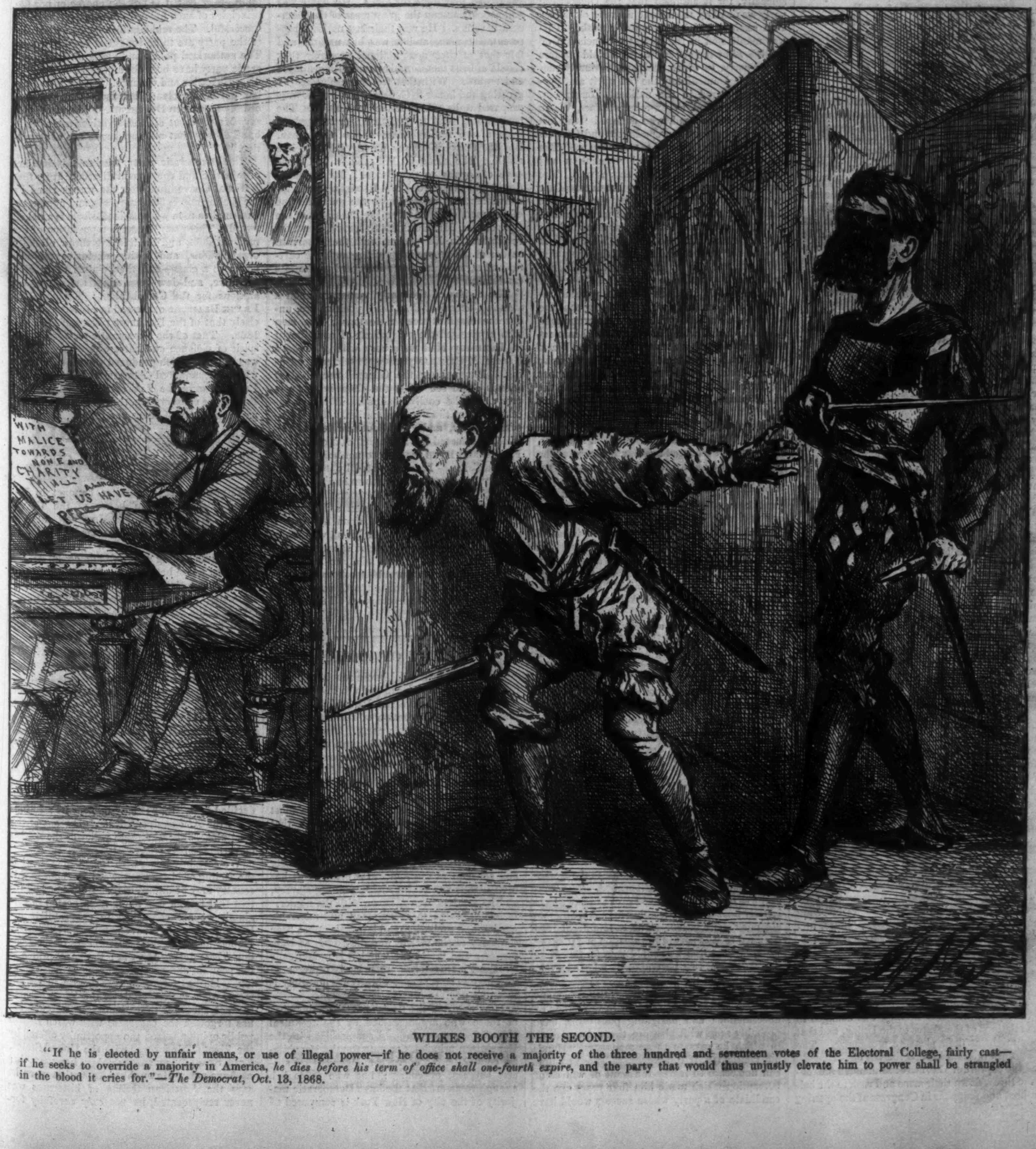
THE POLICY OF ASSASSINATION.

The open threats of assassination made against General Grant come, of course, from the vehement supporters of the Democratic cause—from the men who hailed Wilkes Booth as a benefactor—and who hope for the election of Seymour and Blair as the next best thing to the success of the rebellion for which they prayed and worked. And whence comes the tone of such persons and papers but from the traditions and policy of a party that sought to prostitute the Government of this country to a vast system of defenses of slavery, and that strives, now that slavery is gone, to perpetuate the hate and jealousy and crime that spring from injustice always and every where?

Such is the well-understood spirit of that party that when its candidate for Vice-President recently made a speech in St. Louis, in which he made a doubtful allusion to General Grant, it was instantly interpreted as a threat of assassination. Those, however, who are most familiar with the reputation of General Blair probably do not hold him responsible upon all occasions for what he says in public. Even his party friends who called him into Connecticut in the spring of 1867 were, we understand, quite willing that if the General were not held responsible for his speeches, they should not be held responsible for the General. What words he actually used at St. Louis it is difficult to determine. Those which his friends are willing to have published as used by him, represent General Grant as a military chief who, having reached the White House, will there intrench himself with a bodyguard and various other luxuries, and never go out so long as he lives.

Now in every country there are plenty of men who consider it right and praiseworthy to assassinate tyrants; and when, speaking to a crowd of which the most considerable element was that of the rebels who rejoiced in the murder of Mr. Lincoln, General Blair paints General Grant


WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE AND CHARITY TO ALL
LET US HAVE PE

WILKES BOOTH THE SECOND.

"If he is elected by unfair means, or use of illegal power—if he does not receive a majority of the three hundred and seventeen votes of the Electoral College, fairly cast—if he seeks to override a majority in America, *he dies before his term of office shall one-fourth expire*, and the party that would thus unjustly elevate him to power shall be strangled in the blood it cries for."—*The Democrat, Oct.* 13, 1868.

as a despot who will subvert the Government, and establish himself permanently in the White House, he can no more escape the responsibility for the kind of interpretation that will inevitably be placed upon his words than Mr. Seymour can shuffle off the responsibility involved in saying to a mob in the city of New York, at the time and under the circumstances in which he made his Academy speech, that a mob may urge the plea of military necessity as well as a government.

In his striking picture upon the first page Mr. Nast shows, with a few forcible strokes, more eloquent than much rhetoric, the spirit of reckless hate which animates so large a portion of Mr. Seymour's supporters, and that of peace, which always accompanies the liberty of which General Grant is the representative. The words of Lincoln, "With malice toward none, with charity toward all," are naturally followed by General Grant's expressive phrase, "Let us have peace." Grant's administration will secure peace upon Lincoln's principle of charity and liberty. The man who hopes for peace from Democratic black codes, from Democratic Ku-Klux Klans, from Democratic hatred and murder of loyal men, hopes to gather grapes of thorns.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, November 7, 1868.

THE OLD PARTY AND OLD POLICY.

THE late desperate and hopeless attempt of some of the directors of the Democratic party to change the aspect of the canvass illustrates a truth which should be very carefully pondered by every voter in the country. The principles and policy of that party, unflinchingly pursued for a generation, plunged the country into fearful war. The party was wholly controlled by its Southern element. Its real leaders were the Southern politicians, and its sole great purpose had become the perpetuity and extension of slavery. Free speech was annihilated in half of the country under Democratic domination, and in the other half the practical destruction of the most precious rights of the citizen was defended by the Democratic orators and press. The contest had become practically that of the two tendencies—the one toward a Union from which slavery should be peacefully and legally eliminated, and the other toward the supreme sovereignty in the Union of the slave power; and of the latter tendency the Democratic party was the political organization.

When its policy was repudiated in the election of 1860 the rebellion was plotted by Democratic leaders, and actively supported by the Democratic section of the country. Passively, it was supported by the Democratic party every where. The Tweddle Hall meeting in the secession winter, at which Horatio Seymour made a speech charging the threatening condition of the country upon the free States which had refused to submit to the further domination of slavery, was the most efficient aid and encouragement to the rebellion. In one sentence his Tweddle Hall speech was simply this: "We at the North have exasperated the Southern slaveholders by insisting that liberty is a better and more profitable thing than slavery, and they will take just vengeance upon us if we do not humbly kneel and kiss the rod." The author of the Tweddle Hall speech is called a statesman. Yet there was never a meaner, baser, more unmanly appeal made in a free country than Mr. Seymour's Tweddle Hall speech. If statesmanship be cowardice and huckstering; if statesmanship be advising a great and powerful people who have declared for liberty to submit to the rebellious menace of slavery, then the author of the Tweddle Hall speech is a statesman—not otherwise.

During the war the influence of the Democratic party favored the rebellion by a constant hostility to the Government. Those who denounced the war as wicked, those who sneered at the Union soldiers, those who exulted in the success of the rebels, were all Democrats. More than this, the most conspicuous enemies of the war, frank and open secessionists, were selected as the candidates of the party. In New England Thomas H. Seymour, in the West Vallandigham, were its representatives, while the conventions every where discouraged the warm heart of loyalty and banished from the party those who declared unreservedly for saving the Union by every honorable means. At length, in 1864, the National Democratic Convention, with Horatio Seymour as its President and Vallandigham as its inspiring manager, denounced the war as a failure, and demanded a practical surrender to the rebellion. The people answered by overwhelmingly re-electing Abraham Lincoln, and unconditionally crushing the rebellion after a prolonged and precedented struggle.

The ground immediately taken by the Democratic party was that nothing was changed in the relations of the States to the Union, and that they might at their pleasure reorganize. The New York *World*, between the fall of Richmond and the capture of Davis, recommended the rebels to throw down their arms and rush to the ballot-box, and reappear in Congress at the opening of the next session. The assassination—a natural result of the kind of spirit fostered by the Democratic policy of injustice and inequality—and the tone of the President's earlier speeches, silenced this demand for a time. It revived with the President's unwise and illogical and partial statements of it as his policy. Gradually it became the sole political issue. The President and the Democratic party and the remains of the rebellion were upon one side; Congress and the loyal people upon the other. A clearer perception of the situation, which could only come with time, shaped the policy of Congress. It demanded certain guarantees which were scornfully refused by the remnants of the rebellion, supported by the President and the Democratic party. But Congress and its loyal friends appealed to the country and were nobly sustained. The reconstruction policy had the same validity as any other law. But it could not be set aside by the Supreme Court, for the Supreme Court had itself decided that it was a subject with which Congress alone could deal, and that its action was binding upon every other department of the Government.

As the Presidential campaign approached the faction of the Democratic party which at present has the *World* for an organ, saw that the party with its old purposes, its old policy, and its old leaders, had been resolutely rejected by the country, and that the hope of its restoration to power lay exclusively in the acceptance of the settlement of the old issues and a fresh departure. This showed a want of perspicacity, for it assumed that the Democratic party was willing to concede that the old issues *were* settled, which was not the truth. This was manifested in the violent denunciation of the *World* by the old spirit and the old masters of the party, to which the paper instantly succumbed. Immediately the old spirit and purpose reappeared in the national Convention. It was controlled by ex-rebel soldiers, Wade Hampton at the head, who declared "the lost cause" not lost, and by repudiators and Copperheads represented by Vallandigham. The platform called for practical repudiation and denounced the reconstruction acts as void. The nominations were given to the President of the surrender Convention of 1864, the Tweddle Hall orator of 1861, and to the man who had just demanded the forcible overthrow of the new governments in the disturbed States. It was the old purpose and spirit of the party that had sustained slavery and risen in rebellion—and again it appealed to the people.

The October elections are the popular response; and smarting with the feeling that the policy for demanding which it was peremptorily snubbed, and which it was snubbed into renouncing, might have saved its party, the *World* exclaimed, in the most alarming typography and rhetoric, "I told you so." It insisted that General Blair should withdraw, and that the platform should be virtually changed by an explanation, saying that if it were not done the elections of November would merely repeat those of October. It persisted for a few days, and was then scourged again into silence. The old party, the old leaders, the old purpose, remain; and Seymour and Blair are now, as they have been since their nomination, the candidates of a party whose policy has been one vast and prolonged disaster for the country. After the defeat, which it is an insult to the American people to suppose is not reserved for them at the election, the *World* will again say that if its party had not been so drunken with the Bourbon spirit it might have succeeded. The paper is not so likely to be whipped in again, and will have secured a greater influence upon its party councils than it has ever had. But the party will still be stronger than the organ, and the retrograde and perilous tendency in our political society will still organize itself as the Democracy. The Tory will never become the Liberal. The party that supported human slavery will never become that of human liberty. The same enlightened freedom which the Republican party has especially asserted in one direction, because it was there most assailed, it will continue every where to assert and to secure.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN AND THE DEMOCRATIC MANAGERS.

General M'Clellan's letter to the Union Square meeting, following his few words at the reception, were not very agreeable to the Democratic leaders in this neighborhood. The General was one of the "reserves" of which we have latterly heard, but his coming up was neither an aid nor a consolation. The candidate of 1864 declined to take part in the election of 1868, and while he said that he should vote for Seymour and Blair, he very peremptorily rejected a substantial part of the platform.

The soldiers who liked M'Clellan, and many of whom regretted to see him in the hands of unscrupulous and designing politicians, have probably seen with pleasure the quiet manner in which he says to these managers, "Hands off, gentlemen, if you please." Those soldiers can not cease to regret the want of will or of perception which made him four years ago the candidate of a party whose success would have ruined the country; and they must smile to see him now demanding that the public faith be honorably kept to the uttermost, and simultaneously saying that he shall vote for the candidates of repudiation. But he is an extremely vivacious Democrat who finds comfort in the letter of General M'Clellan.

There is something, however, which may not be known to the Boys in Blue nor to the country. It is, that if the General shows himself very cool toward his late political managers, they have shown very little warmth for him. They think, indeed, that they have "made him," forgetting that in 1864 they hoped to steal into power under cover of his popularity. The Democratic party found General M'Clellan a very conspicuous and popular man—whether justly or not is not now the question. It nominated him for the Presidency with a platform upon which he stood protesting—not a winning or dignified attitude for any man. Its nomination, of course, drew upon him the tremendous criticism of a hot political campaign, and he was left at the end with scarcely an electoral vote, and fallen immeasurably in public favor from the position he held when he left the command of the Army of the Potomac. He withdrew to Europe and from public observation.

But certainly if any body ought to have been grateful to him it was Horatio Seymour, the President of the Convention that nominated him, and the Democratic managers. He had sacrificed for them what he can never regain. What had they done for him? His name was still popular among the great mass of the Democratic voters. He was their last national representative man, and it was but natural and fair that at their next national assembly they should at least mention his name with gratitude and regard. With that feeling resolutions of greeting and honor to General M'Clellan were prepared to be offered in the Convention. The party would send to its late leader a word of respect and remembrance across the ocean. But the Convention was managed by the late rebels. The name of M'Clellan had some odor of loyalty to the Union. Its introduction might make trouble. It might arouse inconvenient enthusiasm upon the part of some of the members. And so the President of the Convention, Mr. Horatio Seymour, kept the resolutions in his pocket, and the observant reader of the proceedings will remark the careful and significant silence in regard to the late candidate.

The claims of the party managers upon a man in General M'Clellan's position are, under the circumstances, ridiculous. The men who suppressed the resolutions of compliment in Tammany Hall were very willing to have General M'Clellan preside at their great meeting. But neither the General nor his best friends could see either the claim or the propriety, and he coolly declined. It is but another sign of the actual situation. The Democratic party, under its Southern leadership, which nominated Seymour just as it nominated Pierce and Buchanan, does not hold even its own partisans. It is distrusted by its supporters. "I shall vote for Seymour and Blair, of course," said a life-long Democrat the other day, "because I've always been a Democrat. But if the result depended upon my vote I should vote for Grant." And if all who really hope that Grant will be elected should vote for him the Southern leaders who are managing the Democratic party would see how the heart of the country really trusts the General whose life and character and principles all say, "Let us have peace."

THE PARTY OF VIOLENCE.

The assault by the Baltimore roughs upon the passengers in the railroad train to Philadelphia on the evening before the Pennsylvania election was but an illustration of the method and spirit of the Democratic party. And nothing can be more feeble and silly than the talk of a Democratic paper in the city about the miscreants who were sent to Philadelphia from New York and Baltimore to neutralize the Democratic vote. It is useless for the Democratic papers to try to evade the truth. The most ignorant and vicious classes belong to that party, and it is not surprising that they do. The Democratic party has had but one policy for a generation—a policy of violence, injustice, and consequent disorder. Its great effort has been directed to saving and extending slavery, and its cry has been "Down with the nigger." It has appealed to every mean and miserable passion and prejudice, and it has therefore been the party of the violent and disorderly and depraved; and the city in which it is numerically strongest is therefore appropriately represented in Congress by a person whose only notoriety is that of a pugilist.

How many of the "miscreants" in this city, of those who are described by the technical term "dangerous classes," sympathize with the Republican principles or vote for the Republican candidates? There are instances of special bargain, of course; but who is foolish enough to assert that the huge Democratic majority of the city of New York is composed of the great mass of its intelligent and orderly citizens? By whom were the riots of 1863 instigated and carried on? Was the disturbance an outbreak of the "miscreants" who were sent to neutralize the Democratic vote, or of those who are Democrats because "Democracy" is identical with injustice and violence? How many Republicans swelled the mob of April, 1861, in Baltimore, that, with the countenance of Kane, a representative Democrat, massacred the Union soldiers? Just as many as were in the mob that raged through the cars in the same city a fortnight ago.

We have recently seen some amusing comparisons of the school system of the city of New York and of other parts of the country. Some two years ago a committee from Boston visited the New York schools and reported that in some respects they were superior to the Boston schools. And then what? It seems to be supposed that therefore the population of the city of New York is of superior intelligence and character to that of Massachusetts. The truth is, that Massachusetts, which has as large a Republican majority as the city of New York has Democratic, is the community of the highest general welfare in the world, while Kentucky is distinctively the Democratic State. Those two facts illustrate the whole case. The Democratic papers sneer at what they call the Republican assumption of "all the virtues," and shout at the conduct of certain persons who belong to the party of "great moral ideas." Now, every party in power will have a horde of camp-followers. But it is not the character nor the principles of such followers that made the party successful. The real significance and tendency of the party are to be sought at head-quarters. The authorized policy and views of the Democratic party have been for a generation those of disorganization and violence. Every Democrat has not been violent; but the violent and disorderly have been Democrats. "I do not say," says Mill, "that all conservatives are stupid; but I do say that all stupid men are conservative."

The Democratic party, true to this instinct of injustice and consequent disorder, at its first National Convention after the war is ruled by the chafing and baffled ex-rebels, and nominates exultingly a man whose sole platform is a naked sword. This party demands repudiation of the national debt, and forcible overthrow of State organizations, and giving exclusive political power to a class—and then claims to be conservative, and law-respecting, and nervously anxious for the Constitution. The spirit of Frank Blair, as expressed in his letter, is precisely that of the Baltimore rioters of 1861 and 1868. That of the Democratic platform is the spirit of violence and hate, whose great object was slavery, which produced the rebellion, and which assassinated Abraham Lincoln. If Lincoln were the "miscreant," and Wilkes Booth the conservative, then is the Democratic party the party of peace and order.

LORD STANLEY AND GOOD FEELING.

There has been another banquet in England at Liverpool in honor of the United States Minister, and Mr. Johnson made a speech, and Lord Stanley made a speech, and Mr. Gladstone made a speech; and if dining and wining and talking could do the work the peace between the United States and Great Britain is secured. "Peace," says Mr. Johnson, "is beyond the possibility of doubt."

"It is the settled principle of England," said Lord Stanley, "to respect, scrupulously, the rights of every nation........to seek no narrow, no selfish, no exclusive object," etc., etc., etc. Is Mr. Johnson's remark of the same kind as that of Lord Stanley? His Lordship would perhaps hardly admit the opinion of China and India as to the wholly unselfish nature of the British foreign policy; would he listen more kindly to that of the United States? Does he seriously suppose that we think the policy of the British Government to have been just, generous, friendly, toward us in the late war? Lord Stanley proceeded to say that upon the *Alabama* question there is a "very decided hope" that it may be near its solution. Does the *Alabama* controversy grow out of the scrupulously liberal foreign policy of the British Government?

We certainly hope, with Lord Stanley, that the feeling of bitterness toward England in this country may be diminishing. But when he says that that feeling was never reciprocated in England, we are compelled to congratulate his lordship upon his conveniently short memory. He has forgotten the performances of the London *Times* during the war; the paper which is the peculiar and accepted organ of British opinion. He has forgotten that debate in Parliament, when the editorials of the *Times* became the hot speeches of eminent gentlemen. He has forgotten the eagerness with which British public opinion seized the opportunity offered by the *Trent* affair for war with the United States. Lord Stanley must remember, however, that we have not. He ought to know that when he says the American feeling of bitterness was never reciprocated, he not only carefully for-gets, but that his remark is almost a taunt, for our bitterness of feeling was the result of unspeakable amazement that Great Britain, the West Indian emancipator, joined hands with the insurrection of a slave-aristocracy to overthrow constitutional government; our bitter feeling sprang from the clear perception that the British foreign policy was directed to the "narrow, selfish, and exclusive object" of British aggrandizement at every cost.

We do not willingly, nor with any acrimonious or hostile feeling, recall these truths. But sensible men in England, as well as in this country, ought to be tired of mere complimentary international gammon and spinage at public dinners. All truly intelligent people in this country consider the cause of England and the United States substantially the same; for it is the cause of constitutional liberty and political morality as the foundation of material prosperity. But while that is truly the cause, it by no means always seems to be so. The official attitude of Great Britain during the war was very different from the feeling of some English people; and in that feeling was to be found the England to which the heart of this country looks with sympathy. There is no man in the world whose coming to this country would be greeted with such a tempest of affectionate enthusiasm as that of John Bright. He represents the England whose heart beat with ours in the most threatening hour of our existence. But Lord Stanley must recollect that Mr. Bright opposed the "selfish, narrow, and exclusive" official policy of England.

The anti-British feeling in this country is of course traditional. It dates from the last century, and was marvelously refreshed by the war of 1812. If it was kindled to its old hot point by the war of the rebellion, it was wholly by the conduct of the British Government. There were, indeed, considerations and excuses which we have formerly mentioned. But all reasoning, all diplomacy goes wrong which assumes a feeling which does not exist. There is a kind of impatience and even of suspicion occasioned by mere fine words. The American people will judge the character of the English foreign policy wholly by what the Government does and not in the least by Lord Stanley's hopes and wishes. If the *Alabama* claims are settled upon palpably fair principles the people of this country will ask nothing more. But Lord Stanley should beware how he invites us to contemplate the precedent of British unselfishness as a promise of the happy issue of our differences.

A LITTLE DUST.

When an old wag was near his end, and was ordered to take the air daily, a friend met him and hoped he would have a pleasant drive. "Don't mention it," replied the invalid; "I am merely rehearsing my funeral." Mr. Horatio Seymour has been upon a similar melancholy excursion. Its object is to distract attention from that terrible General Blair and his sword. It was considered a master-stroke of policy for Mr. Seymour to emit a few plausible phrases, to talk about taxation, and the atrocious misgovernment of his "Republican friends," as a blind to the real political policy of the party. But smooth words can not baffle an honest instinct. The canvass has turned upon Frank Blair because he is the positive point, and every body knows it. He is the representative man of the real Democratic purpose and policy, and nobody is deceived by the little dust which Mr. Seymour and his managers are gently trying to throw into the public eye.

"HELP ME, CASSIUS!"

President Johnson has written a dispatch to Mr. Seymour, whom his friends with bitter mockery call "the next President," congratulating him upon taking the stump. The President hopes Mr. Seymour will not spare the enemies of constitutional government, but will warn the country against the efforts of the advocates of despotic power. He trusts, also, that Mr. Seymour may speak with "an inspired tongue," and bring comfort to "an oppressed nation." Did the augurs smile or did they not? And what response does Mr. Seymour make? He says that if he is elected he can do nothing; that if General Blair is elected he can't possibly draw that sword. He says that Congress will be opposed to him, but that however abused he will still remain true to his convictions.

Nobody questions, probably, the sincerity of Mr. Seymour's convictions, but it is precisely because of those convictions that he and his party are to be overwhelmed now as they were four years ago. Nobody doubted that at that time Mr. Seymour and Mr. Vallandigham and their friends sincerely wished to surrender to the rebellion, and it was for that very reason that they were terribly defeated at the polls. Nobody doubts that they would now gladly restore the late rebel chiefs to the supreme power in the Government which they formerly had, and that they would with equal alacrity arrange the financial question to suit the same chiefs. In a word, nobody doubts that Mr. Seymour would be the faithful servant of the Southern policy that he has always been; and for that very reason the people of this country, who have had quite enough of that kind of leadership, will speak to Mr. Seymour in November much more emphatically even than they did in October. "I trust," says the President to Mr. Seymour, "that your voice may penetrate every just and patriotic heart throughout the land." Why, your Excellency, it has already penetrated those hearts. The just and patriotic hearts throughout the land were penetrated by Mr. Semyour's voice at Tweddle Hall, at the Academy of Music, at Chicago; and Mr. Seymour's heart in turn will be penetrated by the voice of those just and patriotic people on the 3d of November next.

"A FRANK ABANDONMENT."

Mr. John Quincy Adams made a little speech at his home after his return from his late Southern visit, in which he said that the ex-rebels said to him that "they had frankly abandoned what they fought for." Did they tell the truth when they said this? Does Mr. Adams not know that they did not tell the truth? If their words to him meant any thing they meant that the fair and logical results of the war were accepted by them. And is not that notoriously untrue, and does any man know it to be untrue better than Mr. John Quincy Adams?

Slavery being abolished all the relations that grew out of it fell with it. This was a matter of course, and the victorious people waited to see if it would be recognized by the rebel States. Upon the demand of the President the State Legislatures acceded, but in such terms, and with such reservations, and in such a way as showed that it was not frankly abandoned. The first act of the same Legislatures was to pass infamous black codes in which the whole spirit of slavery was maintained, and under which orderly and tolerable society was impossible. The black codes re-established all of slavery but the name. The freedmen were made a pariah class; they could not bear arms; nor sit upon juries; nor follow any trade without the permission of white men; their children could be taken and bound out; the criminal laws discriminated wickedly against them; the black code virtually compelled them to be vagrants, and the vagrant laws sold them to service. Congress had said nothing about the suffrage; it had said nothing even about the protection of civil rights, because it waited to see if the Southern leaders "had frankly abandoned what they fought for."

Does Mr. John Quincy Adams think that the Black Codes showed such an abandonment? He knows, with all the rest of us, that the Southern leaders intended to save just as much of the old system as they could, and waited to see whether we had the sense to understand our victory. Then Congress, seeing precisely the spirit with which it had to deal, proposed the Civil Rights bill and the Freedmen's Bureau. The whole rebel interest opposed. Mr. Adams's Southern lambs thought that the Black Codes were a much better system than Freedmen's Bureaus. Then Congress proposed, in the Fourteenth Amendment, that the defeated States should not have gained political power by their rebellion. Mr. Adams's friends, who so frankly abandon all their claims, scornfully insisted that Congress had nothing to do with the subject. In a word, these gentlemen who so dolorously bewail their condition to Mr. Adams demanded that the whole question of reconstruction and of the disposition of the freedmen and of other loyal men in the South should be left exclusively to them. And then Congress, speaking for all the people and for the common welfare, said, "Since you contemptuously refuse to accept the plain results of the war, and to reorganize your States accordingly, we will do it"—and it has done it.

GENERAL HAWLEY TO R. H. DANA, Jun.

General Joseph R. Hawley, the President of the National Republican Convention, has written a masterly letter to the Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jun., strongly favoring his election to Congress in the interest of the national honor and morality. He says:

> "General Butler's eminent services during the rebellion will always be held in grateful remembrance. His strong will, fertility of intellectual resources, and indomitable combativeness, made him greatly useful then; but if he is to be upon the wrong side of the controversy concerning the national debt, starting as he does from among the stanch and trusted Radicals, he will be the most dangerous man in the United States. Some say that he cares nothing for the financial views he has pushed forward, but that he yields temporarily, with ultimate right purposes, to a popular tendency that he thinks should be conciliated. If so, and the bad tendency should become stronger hereafter, will he not continue to accompany and accelerate it? But if, as I suppose, he sincerely believes that he is right, we may be sure that what he believes in he will fight for, and that he will do his utmost to carry other Congressmen with him. Shall New England send so powerful a man to give new life to the heresies that were supposed to flourish only 'out West,' but have been almost wholly rooted out of Republican fields in that region?
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> "Please count me among those who believe without doubt and say without hesitation any where that the financial policy pressed by General Butler would put a foul and eternal stain upon the honor of our country. If it is to be carried into effect, let it be done by the champions and abettors of slavery and secession. Let there be one party wholly free from the crime of repudiation, 'open or covert, threatened or suspected,' and then something of honor will be saved to the nation in any event. The Chicago Convention was overwhelmingly of that opinion. I was told that only two members of the Committee of Resolutions favored the views held by General Butler, and the strong tide in the right direction was not conscious of their resistance, if they made any. In the Convention itself, covert repudiation made no sign. That body asserted its opinions with vigor and enthusiasm, and, as it supposed, with unmistakable clearness. For one, I have been as much surprised by General Butler's perversions of the platform as I was originally by his perversion of the loan acts and Treasury circulars. It takes much ingenuity and more violence to make its declarations sanction, or to any degree cover, those of the Tammany Convention. Common-sense is not at fault in understanding that the two Conventions are perfectly at issue upon the two matters of bond-taxation and payment in greenbacks."

He then proceeds to an admirable statement of the injustice and consequent impolicy of General Butler's financial plans.

> "To 'pay the Five-Twenties in greenbacks' is to forcibly substitute protested demand notes for obligations that pay interest in gold, and whose principal is justly payable only in the recognized money of the world. The objection to so paying the principal is that the holder will make too much money by it. When the protested demand note shall have been put in place of the bond, depreciation will be hastened and the objection will grow stronger daily. Resistance to the downward course will never be so easy as it is now at the beginning.
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> "The duty of the Government is to pay first the debts that are due first. These are the greenbacks, the demand notes that have been daily protested for six years, and that stand in the market at seventy cents or thereabouts. The bonds are not yet due; nobody is in a hurry to have them paid, and the merchant would be either a fool or a rascal who, because he was embarrassed, would try to substitute for debts not due for years to come, demand notes which he confessedly could not pay.
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> "These financial questions are to agitate the country for years. If the Republican party desires the respect of the world or the control of the Government it must take the positions demanded by commercial integrity and national honor, and maintain them without fear, favor, or compromise, 'welcoming recruits and shooting deserters.' There is no man living whom I would support, for any office, upon any other platform. Uncle Sam must be a gentleman. It is claimed that General Butler is so able and prominent a representative of Radicalism that the party can not afford his defeat. Rather let us say that Radicalism can always afford to do right, and can never afford to give up any thing of national honor in exchange for supposed advantages to reconstruction and impartial suffrage. I can not say which I deem the more weighty and serious subject—the reconstruction policy of our party, or its purposes concerning financial matters. As to the latter, General Butler is in deadly opposition alike to true Radicalism and true Conservatism. If all Republicans were ready to consider bond-taxation and greenback-substitution issues non-essential and of little consequence would not the nation be rushing to repudiation and an immortality of shame? It seems so to me. You have known what it is to stand out for sound principles against the pressure of old friends and great majorities, even in old Massachusetts. You can do it again if necessary. I admire and respect your course. 'Fight it out on that line.'"

General Butler's conduct of his own canvass will hardly commend itself to the sober judgment of his constituents. His elaborate personal ridicule of Mr. Dana, his absurd assaults upon the motives of the newspapers that oppose him, with his ludicrously inaccurate statements in regard to the writers of the articles, merely show the unscrupulousness with which the General pursues his ends.

Whatever the result of the contest may be, we shall remain of the opinion that honesty in public affairs, as in private, is the best policy; and that General Butler is in no just sense a representative of the profound conviction and the high moral honor which are the strength of the Republican party.

Mr. Dana in this contest, represents conscience and honor in politics; and the vote that will be cast for a man so able, so independent, so manly, if it does not elect him, will yet stand as the emphatic protest of intelligent and self-respecting citizens against the worst form of demagoguery.

THE TREE JUDGED BY ITS FRUITS.

When the friends of Mr. John Quincy Adams in the late rebel States, who told him so touchingly that they had frankly abandoned every thing they fought for, thought in 1866 that the President was likely to prevail over Congress, and that the Philadelphia Convention was a sign of their coming power, the frightful massacres of Memphis and New Orleans showed what spirit still lingered in the lately rebel States.

Now that the loud boasting of the Democratic orators and papers, the control of the Democratic Convention by the leaders of "the lost cause," the dictation of a platform by those who seek to dishonor the Government they could not conquer, and the nomination of a candidate who flourishes a sword as the only solution of the pending questions have all inspired a hope of Democratic success, massacres and murders begin again in that unhappy region, and foreshow what would follow if the Democratic policy could prevail. If the mere hope of the election of Seymour and Blair causes the worst crimes of the Ku-Klux Klan, what are we to expect should they by any evil chance be elected? Mr. Seymour says that we are trying to change the issue to a civil war. Exactly the other way lies the truth. It was the Democratic platform that declared reconstruction void; it was the Democratic makers of the platform who unanimously told Wade Hampton that they would support that declaration to the end; it was the Democratic Convention over which Mr. Seymour presided which nominated him upon that platform, and which enthusiastically placed by his side a man whose only policy was the sword. Let the tree be judged by its fruits.

DINNA YE HEAR THE SLOGAN?

The Democratic party has more cheerful news, like that from Vermont, and that from Maine, and that from Connecticut, and that from Pennsylvania, and that from Ohio, and that from Indiana, and that from Nebraska. It comes this time from West Virginia, and it consists of a Republican majority of three or four thousand. "Dinna ye hear the slogan?" asked the New York *World*, speaking of West Virginia. Most distinctly. It is the same slogan that we have been hearing ever since September, and it grows louder and louder toward that thunder-crash which is coming in November, and whose refrain is Grant and Colfax—Liberty and Peace!

A "WATERLOO."

A few weeks ago the *World* prophesied for the Republicans a "Waterloo," and said that however the Southern States might vote Seymour and Blair would get enough Northern States to elect them.

Now the *World* says, "New York is sure. So are Kentucky, Maryland, New Jersey, Delaware, Connecticut, and Oregon." These are all that it thinks sure, and of these Connecticut certainly, and New York and New Jersey probably, will vote for Grant and Colfax. This leaves Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, and Oregon as the sure States for Seymour and Blair. What a Waterloo for Grant and Colfax!

MORE STATESMANSHIP.

Mr. Seymour says that people may safely vote for him because Congress is sure to be opposed to him, and it will be impossible for him to do any thing. He promises us a continuation of the condition in which we have been for four years, the Executive and Congress at swords' points. What a persuasive argument! What great statesmanship!

LITERARY.

Some time ago we spoke of a very admirable introductory book of chemistry by J. Dorman Steele, Principal of the Elmira Free Academy. Mr. Steele has now published (A. S. Barnes & Co.) a "Fourteen Weeks' Course in Descriptive Astronomy;" a little work copiously and intelligibly illustrated, and telling the cardinal facts of astronomical science in the most attractive manner. It is designed for a class-book in schools; but we do not know a more useful and delightful little manual of the subject to be always at hand for reference in the school or upon the family book-shelf.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The State election in West Virginia took place on the 22d of October. The result in 27 counties, casting three-fourths of the vote of the State, shows a Republican majority of over 4000.

News was received at Washington on the 25th of the assassination of Hon. James Hinds, Member of Congress from the Third District of Arkansas, and the wounding of the Hon. Joseph R. Brooks, of the same State by members of the Ku-Klux Klan.

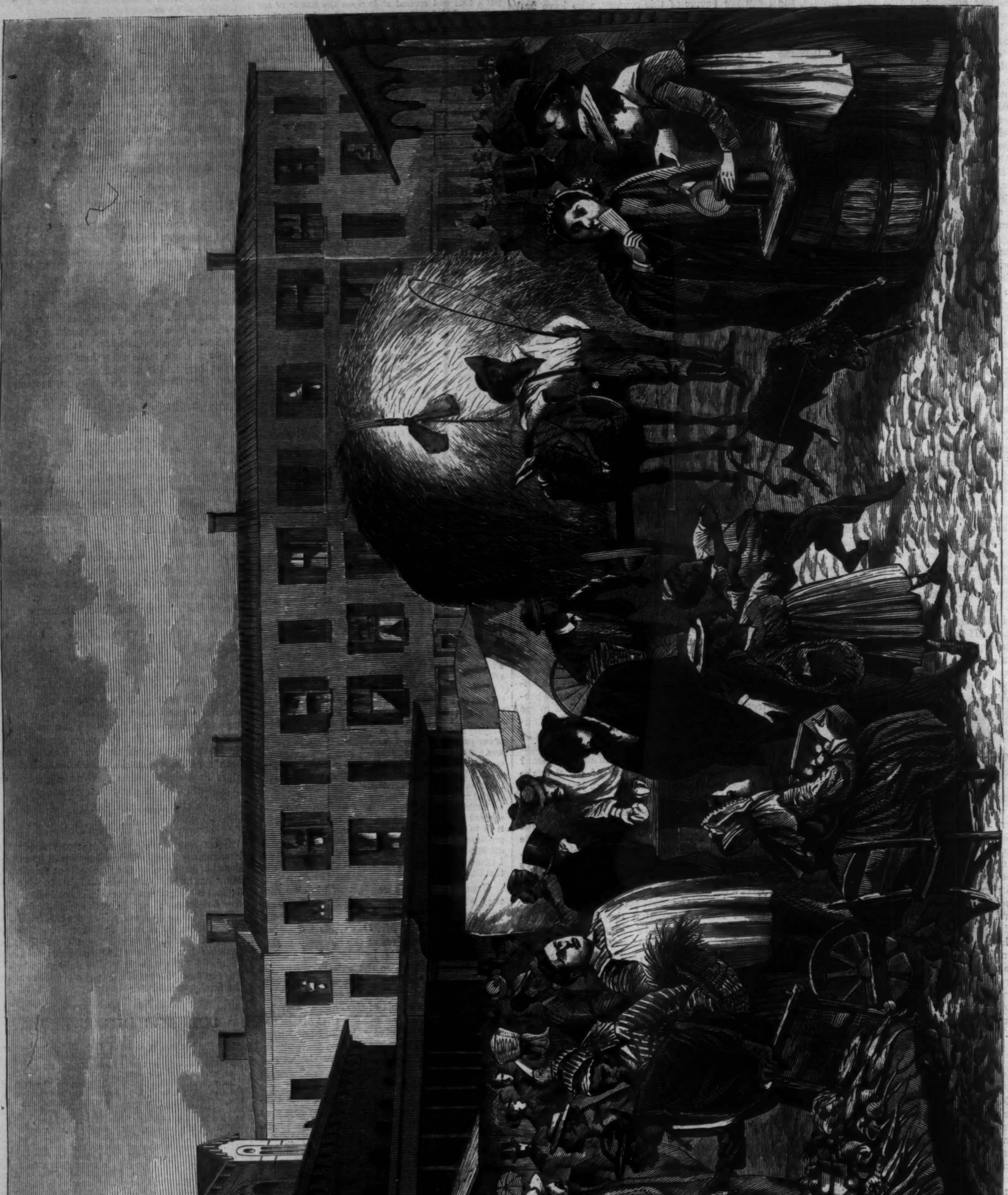
There was a severe shock of earthquake experienced at San Francisco, California, on the morning of the 21st. A large number of houses, including the Custom-house, were seriously injured; business was temporarily suspended, the people were driven by their panic into the streets, and about half a dozen lives were lost. There was no disturbance in the bay. The shock was heaviest east of Montgomery Street. The loss of property is estimated at from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000. In the interior Alameda County suffered most. The villages of San Leandro and Haywards are almost in ruins.

A terrible accident happened at midnight, October 23–24, to the express train from New York on the Hudson River Railroad. It was caused by a broken rail three miles below Greenbush. The train consisted of eleven cars—four passenger coaches, five sleeping cars, a freight and baggage car, and an express car. Three coaches and two sleeping cars were thrown from the track, and are completely wrecked. One lady was killed outright, and a gentleman so badly injured about the head that he died next morning. A large number of the passengers were more or less injured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain, France, and Italy have recognized the Revolutionary Government of Spain.

There is good reason to believe that the following is the substance of the protocol which has been agreed to by Mr. Johnson and Lord Stanley for the settlement of the *Alabama* dispute: A mixed commission, consisting of eight persons appointed by Great Britain and eight appointed by the United States, is to sit in London and examine every claim presented, whether English or American. Each case is to be argued by the claimant, either in person or by counsel, and the Commission will make the final award. The question of international law is to be referred to the arbitration of the Emperor of Russia. The protocol now awaits the approval of Secretary Seward.



AT THE MARKET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

MISS DEVEREAUX'S VACATION.

It was during one of the first warm days in June that Miss Devereaux fainted away while hearing the class recite in French. Madame St. André, the head of the establishment, being called, was heard to assert that Miss Devereaux had chosen the most inopportune moment for such a caprice; after which she discharged the classes and sent for her salts, with the intention of bringing Miss Devereaux to a reasonable and wholesome view of the case. But this young lady was incorrigible, and obstinately refused attesting to the efficacy of the several remedies which Madame administered, till, having lain insensible for the space of three-quarters of an hour, the *posse* were suddenly seized with a panic, and suggested that Dr. Van Eyck might possibly be equal to the occasion. To do Madame justice, she had thought of that person at the first, but prudential motives had urged her thus to delay introducing into her establishment, on the familiar footing of a physician, a somewhat young and a single gentleman, of whose antecedents she knew absolutely nothing.

"She has been overworked," was the Doctor's first assertion; "she has been overworked, and must have a vacation."

"When she revives," said Madame, reassured.

"I'm afraid it 'll prove a long one," whimpered hysterical little Miss Johnson, an under-teacher.

"Is she better?" whispered some half dozen of the scholars, looking in through a crack of the door, in a state of great excitement.

"Go away!" said Madame, with a turn of her black brows.

"They won't do any harm now," said the Doctor.

"Oh, you wolf in sheep's clothing," mentally ejaculated Madame.

"See!" he continued, "there's a rose-tint for you," and just then Miss Devereaux drew a sigh fathoms deep, and two eyes flashed intelligence into the Doctor's.

"That's all right," said he. "Now, Miss Devereaux, if you will drink this;" and Miss Devereaux sat upright, or nearly so, and drank it off, saying in the soberest manner:

"Thank you; I am quite well now. I will return to my classes." And she stood up to go, but tottered back to her sofa, looking in dismay at Madame St. André and the Doctor.

"Am I—is there any thing—what is the matter?" she stammered.

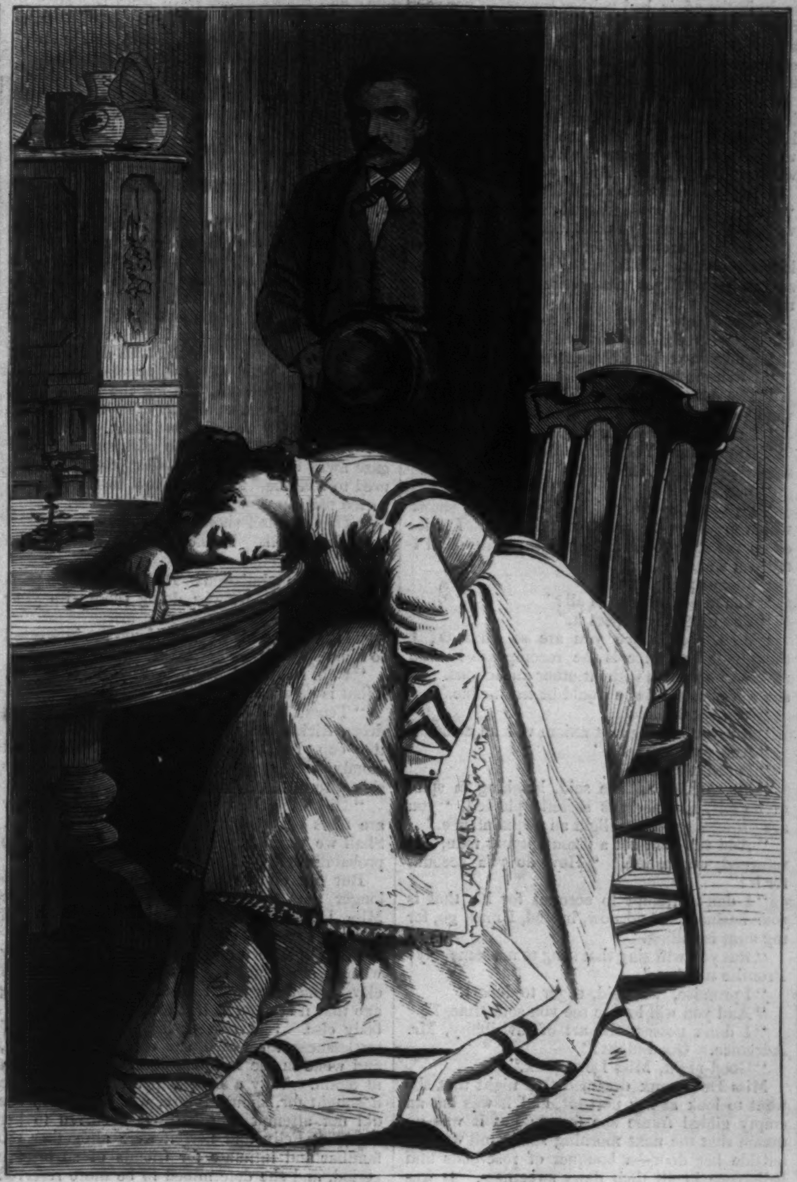
"Nothing but overexertion. You must take a vacation."

"But I don't want a vacation!"

Miss Devereaux was always inexplicable, thought Miss Johnson, who was just dragging through the summer term with a prospect of the beaches, new gowns, gay company, and any number of flirtations for August.

"But you need it," reiterated the Doctor; "you must look about you, and decide upon some quiet retreat; and in the mean while you are not to hear classes or any thing of the sort, if you care to—live. I will call again and see how you progress."

Dr. Van Eyck did not content himself with merely calling *again*; he informed Madame that Miss Devereaux was in a dangerously nervous condition, requiring instant attention and respite from care, and requested her co-operation in inducing the invalid to submit to terms.



"I LOVE YOU, FELIX; I LOVE—"

"But if Miss Devereaux is indifferent, why do you care?" asked Madame.

"She is my patient," he replied.

In the mean time Miss Devereaux kept her room, ate almost nothing, and rarely spoke. Miss Johnson sat with her by hours in a vain attempt at sympathy, detailing her own commonplace experiences, and receiving polite monosyllables in return. Dr. Van Eyck came and felt her pulse, and brought her cordials, and scolded and vexed her into something like spirit.

"So you have no home, no friends, no money," he said one day, repeating the case as she had been forced to represent it. "In that case I shall think it my duty to insist."

"Upon what, pray? I should think it was plain enough that I must return to my classes at once."

"I shall insist that you join my sister, and spend some months at the mountains, and return a new creature."

"You are very kind," she replied, touched by his offer; "but—I can not accept."

"It is a great pity," he said, musingly; "if you only had some cousin now who could be hospitable for a season—almost any change would be preferable to none."

"Oh, I have an aunt in New York," she confessed, "but she is only housekeeper for the family of a Mrs. Adriance. She has no home of her own;" and after that he led the conversation into other channels, and Miss Devereaux believed he had given it up. He did not call again for a day or two, and she congratulated herself upon having gotten rid of him and his vexatious prescription, and was preparing to resume her duties, when he reappeared one morning, radiant and smiling.

"It is all arranged," he said. "You are to take the down-train for New York; your aunt will meet you at the dépôt; you will remain till you are recreated; you will have your vacation after all. Your ticket is bought; you are anxiously expected. The family of Mrs. Adriance are absent at the sea-side, and have left Mrs. Bevis the privilege of inviting a friend to bear her company. It is a charming-house—a picture-gallery, in fact; a piano to sing with; a piazza hidden in vines for summer reverie, a—"

"And pray, Doctor, how do you know all this?" she interrupted, laughing. The Doctor paused and colored violently. The fact was he had gone down to the city with malice prepense, and had arranged the programme to his own satisfaction.

"I am acquainted with Mrs. Adriance," he answered.

"Oh, but you are too good," she said. "What shall I do without you?"

"I hope you will be able to—professionally, at least," laughing; "and you will consent to go?"

"How can I refuse? Give you all this trouble for nothing? Of course I will go, and enjoy every moment of it."

Dr. Van Eyck took her to the station in his brougham next morning.

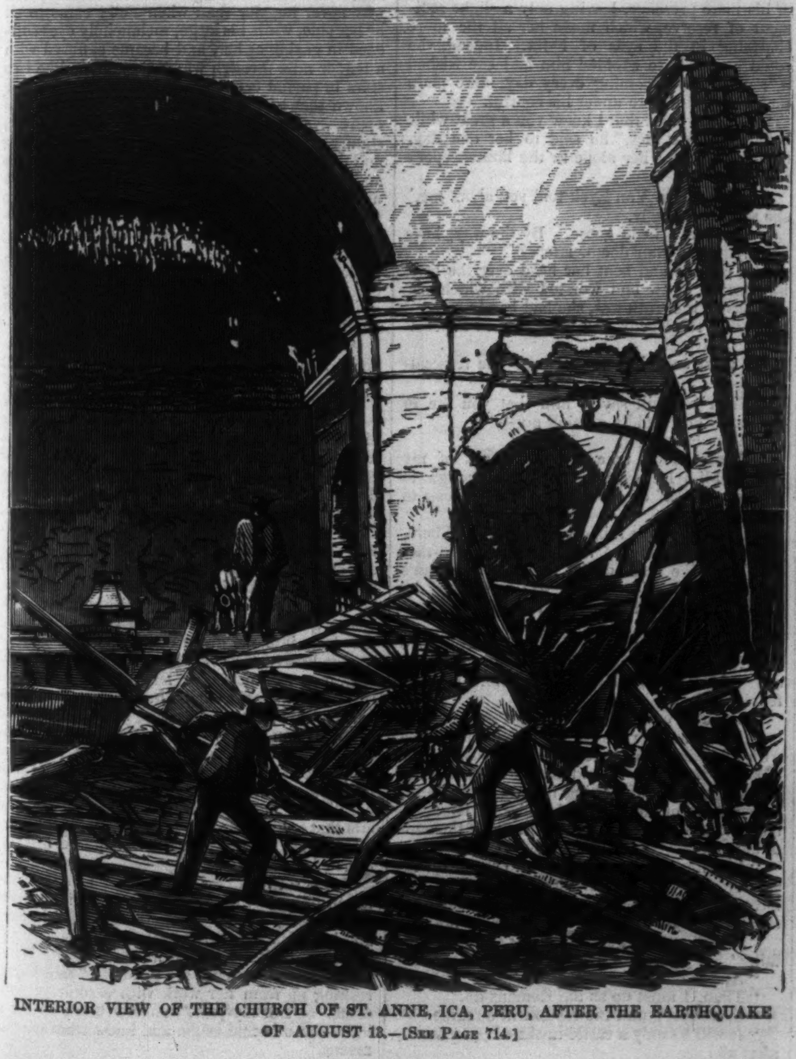
"Now," he said, "I shall expect you to keep me informed of your improvement."

"Daily bulletins," she suggested.

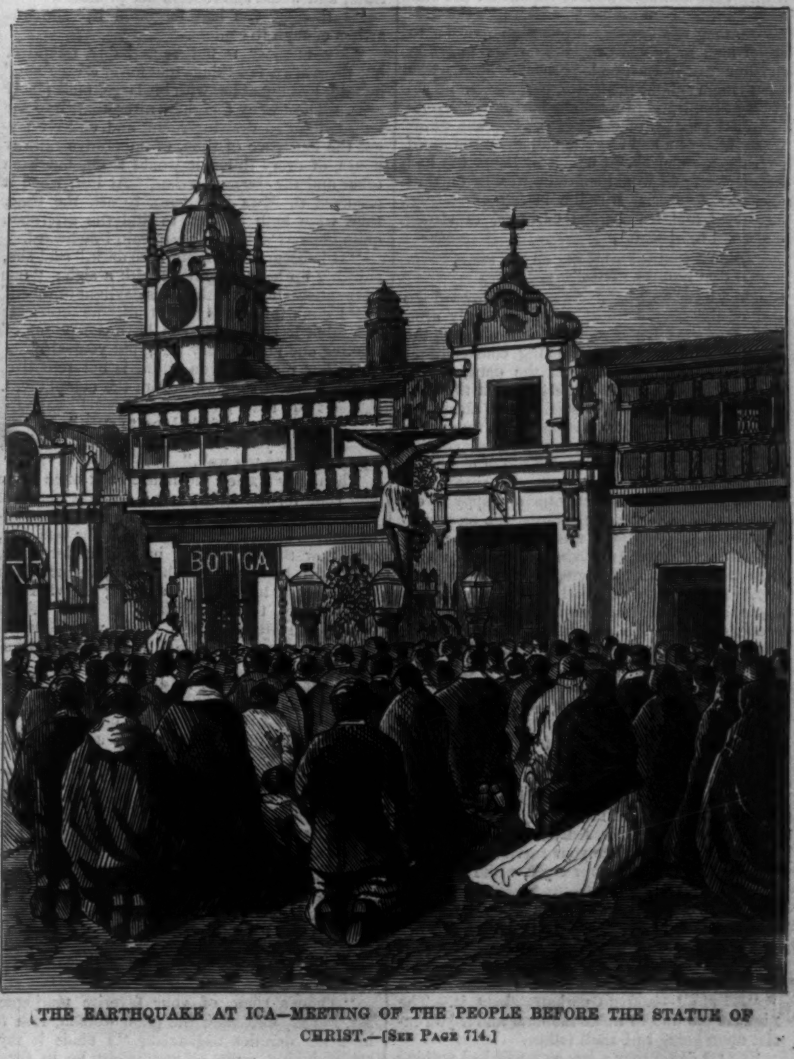
"Weekly letters, if you please."

"But what shall I say? You terrify me with such great expectations."

"Imagine I am making a call, and you are chatting as usual."



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNE, ICA, PERU, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF AUGUST 13.—[See Page 714.]



THE EARTHQUAKE AT ICA—MEETING OF THE PEOPLE BEFORE THE STATUE OF CHRIST.—[See Page 714.]

"You will end by making an egotist of me."

"Better that than an invalid. Good-by. Be sure and enjoy your leisure, *and think of nothing else.*" She turned to thank him at the last, her eyes swimming with grateful tears, but the inexorable steam-power had already whirled her out of his orbit.

One who has never labored exhaustingly through successive years can hardly understand the content and rest that made themselves guests in Miss Devereaux's heart as she slid along toward New York, with no tedious classes beckoning through the interminable to-morrows. She had always been a source of wonder and conjecture to the other teachers—she who worked on faithfully through term after term without complaint and without vacations; who was not known to possess a relative in the world; who out of a salary equal to theirs neither hoarded nor spent; who wore shabby gowns and bonnets *passé;* who was absent from her post but one day in the year, no one knew whither, always returning before breakfast the following morning a little paler, a little more silent, if that could be. She was a riddle which every one had given up long ago; and in the mean time had arrived this Dr. Van Eyck, with the power of penetrating her reserve and sending her wheresoever he would.

The first week of Miss Devereaux's stay in New York she spent on the sofa, listening to Mrs. Bevis's laudations of the family she served, to her recital of their customs and manners, the grand company they entertained, the jewels that had gone with them to the beaches. The following week found her a little stronger, notwithstanding all this; she even ventured out on the balcony, which the Doctor had recommended her to do, and into the long, dark drawing-rooms with their blinds all closed, their brocatel shrouded in brown holland, and their bronze chandeliers night-capped in pink tissue paper. In making the tour of the rooms she paused before a portrait hanging in a niche. It seemed to her as she looked the brown eyes beckoned and followed her; that the rich color on the oval cheek came and went with the pulsations of the heart; that the full lips now trembled into smiles, now shaped themselves to serious meanings.

"It is some dead ancestor of the Adriance line," she thought. "How I should like to have known him! how he illuminates this niche! Ah, well, I believe some people are born an age too early. To think that 'dust is in those beautiful eyes!'"

She did not speak of the portrait to Mrs. Bevis, but day after day she found herself returning to gaze upon it, clothing it in a history of its own—a romance; giving to the original all manner of peculiar fascinations and noble attributes. When she opened the grand piano, which privilege had been granted her, and played the tender German airs that seemed made to flutter, like beautiful moths, through the perpetual twilight of the room, she always fancied at such times that the portrait listened, bending out of the frame; that she could see the light flash into the eyes there, the pupil dilate with pleasure, the color shoot up the cheek. It was a delightful companionship she held with this portrait which gave to her life a something poetical and mystical. She was able now to sit out on the balcony on fine warm evenings, and watch the fire-flies among the vines in a phantom dance; to spend long mornings over the foreign plates in the library or over some long-desired book. She went singing about the house, too, sometimes assisting Mrs. Bevis in her light labors, sometimes lost in the mazes of embroidery, but she never went out. She had forgotten all about the world outside, so to speak. She felt as if her life had begun here, and would continue to flow on thus dreamily forever. But life is full of shifting sand-bars and treacherous currents, of strong and cruel maelstroms,

> "That split the wine-keg on the rocks,
> And lose the pearls."

She had been very busy one morning toward the end of the second week, and it was only after dusk that she left her room to sit a while on the balcony, and watch the flashing constellations prick themselves out against the dark, purple heavens. She sat there utterly lost in thought, the vine with its white stars fallen about her shoulders, the fire-flies heeding her no more than a statue, great dusty moths brushing her cheeks. The distant roar of the city, the toll of neighboring bells, the pathos of some sad singer, the voices of children and laughter of happy lovers came to her faintly, and chanted the chorus to her dream of peace. It was already quite dark upon the balcony; the vines themselves cast heavy, fitful shadows there, peopling the place with restless phantoms; all the light there was came from above, from the luminous depths of space. But as she gazed into darkness there grew upon her, as if shaping itself out of nothingness, the vision of a sweet, familiar face—the face of the portrait. It belonged, however, to a tall young man, who stood on the sill of the French window, and made a profound bow, holding his lighted cigar in one hand.

"I beg pardon," he said then, "I didn't know that the balcony was haunted by sweet spirits of the twilight. You are Mrs. Bevis's niece? Felix Adriance, at your service."

"Good-evening, Mr. Adriance," she returned, rising; "I will preface your service by requesting you to continue your cigar, while I go and find my aunt."

"Allow me to say that you will do no such thing," motioning her toward the vacated seat.

"But perhaps," in that embarrassment which always says the wrong thing, "my aunt is lonesome."

"So am I—and no perhaps about it. The night is too fine to waste indoors, and if you insist upon going in I shall follow."

She sat down then; her own will had nothing to do in the affair, had neither consented nor refused; but after all she was young, and not unhappy at being amused. He threw his cigar over the balustrade as he spoke, and went to bring a seat for himself beside her.

"Fate works with us, I believe," said he; "but it's a recent creed of mine; I could have said hard words to-night when the train dashed off without me; but you see it was all arranged that we should meet thus. Aren't you glad?"

Miss Devereaux answered him with a laugh. "How do I know whether to be glad or sorry, when I haven't seen you five minutes?"

"But you aren't displeased, or you couldn't laugh like that. Besides, Dr. Van Eyck told us so much about you that we're old friends already."

"The Doctor is very kind to me," she said, softly; "he sends me advice every week."

"And you reply to him most gratefully?"

"I write to him often."

"The deuce you do!" aside; then, "Do you want to know what I thought of you yesterday?"

"I didn't know you thought of me at all."

"But I did. Yesterday afternoon you were singing, you may remember?"

"Yes."

"I passed up, in order to procure a shawl which my sister desired me to bring her. I waited on the stair to listen, and I thought—shall I tell you what?"

"Just as you please."

"You're not curious at all?"

"You evidently expect it."

"Well, then, since you are so anxious; I thought, 'that voice is the recompense Nature makes to a woman without other attractions. If she were beautiful she would be irresistible.'"

"You speak plainly."

"But you see my first axiom was an error."

"And your second—"

"Is self-evident."

"Mr. Adriance," she said, laughing in spite of herself, and perhaps secretly pleased, "you are presuming on too slight an acquaintance."

"And yet I am not a presumptuous man," he returned, unabashed. "How do you account for it?"

"I don't attempt to account for it; that is *your* business. And now, indeed, I must go, for my aunt is calling."

"But you will sing that song to me some day? Promise me that."

"I promise," she said, eager to depart.

"And you will let me see you sometimes?"

"I don't possess the art of invisibility, Mr. Adriance. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Miss Devereaux."

Miss Devereaux dreamed that night that she went to look at her portrait, and it was but an empty gilded frame she found; but it was no dream that the next morning she found waiting outside her door—a bouquet of rose-buds and heliotrope in all their dewy sweetness. It was the first bouquet she had ever received; perhaps this was why she preserved the withered thing when it possessed only a remembrance of its youth.

She saw nothing more of Felix for a week, and then he came in some haste, to say that he had a few minutes to spare before taking the train, and would she redeem her promise?

"I thought you had forgotten it," she was artless enough to confess.

"My memory is not remarkably retentive, but there are a few things that never escape me," he said, looking at her with his large, melancholy eyes. They went together, after that, into the long twilighted drawing-room, and entirely forgot the existence of time, of imperative railway hours, of every thing, it would seem, but each other and the German lyrists. At last, when it occurred to Miss Devereaux to ask the time, they were both amazed to find the afternoon quite gone as well as the last train beachward.

"It is because the room is so dark," said she, shutting up her music-book with a sigh; "one never knows here whether it is daylight or dusk."

"I don't think it is that at all," he returned; "I think it is because you have the power of making one forget every thing but yourself."

"Your memory, you know, is not retentive, which detracts somewhat from the compliment. At least you must go now."

"Not unless you forbid me to stay."

"I forbid you? I have no right. Besides, you amuse me too well."

Then they opened the music-book once more and rung for a candle; but a draught blew out the one, and the first received no longer any attention. They had sung enough for one day, and now they conversed in soft under-tones, with brief, happy silences between, during which they listened to the wind shaking the vines on the balcony, to the beatings of each other's heart; and presently Mrs. Bevis, who had taken her tea alone, pulled the bell sharply and impatiently.

"That must be the tea-bell," said Miss Devereaux then; "I must go."

"And am *I* to have no tea?" he asked.

"I shall be delighted to pour you a cup;" and he followed her down to the dining-room.

"I didn't know you were here, Mr. Felix," said Mrs. Bevis, bustling about, "or I should have laid myself out."

"I have dined, thank you," he said, "and only want a cup of tea from the hand of your niece."

"There's cold fowl in the pantry," she persisted; "I'll ring for it."

"Not for me. Do you care for cold fowl, Miss Devereaux?"

"Not to-night, thank you," sipping her tea, reflectively.

"There's some of your favorite meringue, Mr. Felix," entreated the good woman, loth to have her dainties neglected; "I made it myself, thinking some of you might be in, for a bite; and there's honey fresh from the hive, if you fancy it."

"Thanks, but I have all the sweets I desire," with a glance across the table.

"Bless you, what do you call sweets, child? Bread and butter and Indian fritters? Though the butter *is* as sweet as honey; I didn't think of that, and the bread's not bad, eh? But there, you must excuse *me* while I look after the linen."

"Perhaps *you* would have liked the *honey?*" he asked, when Mrs. Bevis had closed the door behind her.

"I don't care for honey. I like the poetical idea, but not the edible article."

"You are looking pale to-night," dropping the honey-comb. "I see how it is; this great solitude oppresses you; it is too dull for a young person of spirits; I shall think it my duty to drop in often and keep you from going mad."

He looked her full in the face as he spoke, and he saw that a helpless, terror-stricken anguish flashed across it, dilating the thin nostril, and darkening the cool gray eyes, till he could have sworn they were deepest black.

"It is in the family," she said, snatching her gaze away from his and half laughing. "I am used to solitude," she continued, turning her inverted tea-cup slowly about in its saucer.

"That means I should be *de trop?*"

"Not at all. I like solitude and—I like you."

"What an admission! And you have no preference? What are you doing there with your tea-cup, pray?"

"I am telling my fortune, if you are interested to know."

"I am interested in whatever pertains to you. What is your fortune like?"

"Tears," she answered, letting the lingering drops trickle down and hang upon the rim of the cup, like yellow topazes. "Tears, and cloudy skies, and rough paths, 'signed on every side with crosses.'"

"Dismal in the extreme. We will hope they are tears of joy and clouds with silver linings. Shall we retire to the balcony and discuss the probabilities?"

But out on the balcony the hours were no longer than in the drawing-room, and when Miss Devereaux said "Good-night," the hall clock was striking eleven, its silver chimes clashing on the silence and waking the echoes every where: she could not remember sitting up till eleven since her first ball, and that was so long ago that it seemed as if it must have been somebody else. She passed, however, a night of restlessness, for which she could not account, and woke in the morning oppressed and almost ill again. Why a little happiness, so quiet, so unsought for, should injure, was a problem she did not attempt to solve. It occurred to her now that Felix and herself were altogether too familiar and intimate for friends of so brief a period, and she determined to be more reserved in future, nor to suffer any more such long-drawn-out *tête-à-têtes;* but day after day, as fulfilling his threat, he dropped in for a light lunch, to bring some promised book, some rare fruit for her delectation; to fetch a paper from his desk, his cane; to change a coat or hat, or leave some order from his mother to Mrs. Bevis, Miss Devereaux found her fine resolves melt in the light of his mere presence, leaving only a slight sediment of reserve, which made her all the more charming in the eyes of Felix. Indeed, she could hardly have avoided him had she wished it, and it was becoming every day more plain that her wishes were under his control.

"I'm convinced that I knew you a great while before ever we met," he said to her one day, having surprised her alone in the housekeeper's room.

"Oh yes; Dr. Van Eyck told you about me," she said, mockingly.

"You are a little goose. By-the-way, have you written to your doctor lately?"

She colored and bent her head over the little bundles of straw and worsted with which she was busy; the truth was, she had barely escaped forgetting the Doctor and his famished expectations.

"I must write him to-morrow," she responded.

"Then you will say to him that you are in my hands and rapidly gaining my—"

"Approbation?"

"Please, don't take the words out of my mouth, Miss Devereaux; it's quite enough to possess yourself of other things that belong to me."

"Exchange is no robbery, I've heard. There, what do you think of that for a castle-in-the-air?" and she held up the result of her hour's work, a mesh of quivering straws secured by brilliant knots of worsted, and dancing and oscillating on the air like any bubble.

"A pretty piece of architecture, truly! I've *heard* of castles-in-the-air, I've built them myself—of straws too, but I never before had the felicity of beholding one!"

"See how buoyant it is, how it swings on a breath. One can imagine it to be inhabited with all manner of sweet fancies and delightful thoughts that pass in and out among its loopholes, like swallows nesting in a sand-bank—little snatches of song, little bubbles of laughter, tender words and thrilling whispers and the odor of happiness."

"Is it impregnable? I mean to storm it with sighs. I covet these sweet fancies which you have built into it. I want to know if they have any thing to do with the thought of—of me?"

"I shall mount guard and 'let the portcullis fall.'"

"And if that shouldn't avail?"

"Then, I must do as the Romans do."

"Surrender; and the castle will be mine."

"It will be only a castle-in-the-air, you know, after all:

> 'Of this castle-in-the-air,
> Have a care, have a care!
> Enter therein, you who're daring,
> Only ample armor wearing;
> For no exit is, I know,
> Hope, herself, misleads you so.'"

"Hope is a gay deceiver, eh? Well, do you know, little girl, that I've only ten minutes in which to reach the cars?"

"Help me suspend my castle from the ceiling, first; for practically it is a fly-trap, and you shall see it shiver in all the little currents of air."

"You should have a chameleon to live in it," he said, having satisfactorily arranged it, and giving his gaze to her. "Now thank me properly, and let me go."

"I've not been keeping you, Sir."

"If you haven't, I should like to know who *has.*"

"Caprice or accident or—"

"Renè, Renè," he said, taking both her hands in his. "You wound me with such words. Look up and smile on me, or as sure as Fate I shall—lose the train!"

"That is, you will stay here? I sha'n't smile then, if frowning will keep you."

"It's no use, I must be off."

"It makes no difference to you whether I smile or frown, after all."

"If you knew *what* a difference, Renè!"

But before she could reply he had closed the door behind him and was gone.

"He called me Renè," she mused, regarding herself in the old-fashioned beveled mirror. "No one has called me Renè since so very long!" and the picture in the mirror being quite blurred by this time, she went to look at the other picture in the dark drawing-room.

She had known Felix now for just two months, she had grown to look for his coming as one looks for a holiday, to hang upon his words; he made her world, his opinions, his tastes, his wishes were the contemplation of her lonely hours when he himself was not present; her thoughts revolved about him as the aerial current revolves about the earth; he threw a halo around the present, the future beckoned through rosy distances, the past was no longer but a picturesque dream; she read the books he advised, wore the colors he preferred, and forgot every thing he did not choose to remember. When he kissed her hand one day, quite unexpectedly, the happy tears choked her voice, while a strange transport of pain shivered through her being as if he had stabbed her to the heart instead. For years she had been starving for love, now that it was possible, now that the harvest was ripening, did any thing forbid her? But a first love has always the charm of a new horizon; what wonder then, when the horizon stretched away in endless and alluring perspective, if she yearned to follow, and forget that the sun sets at last upon every prospect, however fair and large?

She said to herself that she was quite recovered now, that she ought to return to her work, but still she delayed. She could walk and ride, and sit up late at night, and eat without caution; but a little while after any unforeseen excitement—and her life was full of such now—Nature would seem to demur and demand absolute rest. But she made light of these attacks, and was never happier than when Felix came to sit by her side, while his large, melancholy eyes softened in gazing at her, and became suffused with a tender mist through which they shone like two stars in partial eclipse. Indeed, she must have known that he loved her already; and what did oppressive languors or any form of physical pain signify after that? By-and-by they would pass and disappear, but this—this would last for ever and ever. In the mean while there was little or nothing of the invalid in her appearance, there was no attenuation of the body, the color palpitated on her cheek with every word or varying mood, her eyes had a steady glow and animation, smiles seemed the heritage of those full lips. Every thing spoke of the morning of happiness; nothing suggested that night and sorrow were at hand.

As for Felix, fortune had so persistently favored him hitherto that he doubted not but all his days would round themselves to infinite felicities; and if he discovered any sacrifices to be made in the near or far-away future I think he did not shrink from them, but rather gloried that it was possible to resign any thing for love and Renè. That Fate should require of him nothing but Renè herself was scarcely likely to enter into his calculations, since—in spite of his melancholy eyes, which were, perhaps, merely an affair of physical conformation—he bore the ægis of a sanguine temperament from which doubt and fear recoiled harmlessly. Every morning now he would take Renè out for an airing in the Park before going to business; sometimes extending the drive into the green country, where Nature was at liberty to work her miracles of song and fragrance and perfected leaf; often dining on rustic fare at some village inn, and returning silent and happy in the growing starlight. These were halcyon days for Renè, in which she experienced a novel sensation of buoyancy, as if she were indeed endowed with the wings of the morning. But by some strange contradiction, peculiar to moments of great exhilaration, the airs that seemed most to haunt her were the tearful adagios of despair rather than the inspirations of present joy.

"It is setting in for a storm," said Felix, coming in one gusty evening. "I don't like storms down at the beach. I shall stay here instead and have fair weather, so to speak."

"You don't like storms at the beach? Why, it is just what beaches are good for," said Renè, looking up from her work with a smile of welcome. "For my part, I should like to live in a light-house in mid-ocean and know what danger means."

"For my part, I know sufficiently well what danger means," he returned, laughing. "Oh, it sickens me like the sight of blood, those heaped up waves, that resonant thunder!"

"It is thundering now," said the literal and quaking Mrs. Bevis, going to close the shutters. "I will light the gas; it kind of blots out the lightning and makes one feel more secure."

"It's just the night for cheerful company," said Renè.

"Yes," put in Mrs. Bevis. "We made nothing of a storm like this when *I* was young. We had our friends in, and our game at whist, and—"

"We can have our game at whist now; there are cards in the library. What do you say, Renè?"

"I am ready; but we are only three."

"Oh, I'll have dummy; I always had a fancy for her. She plays whist to some purpose, and she doesn't trump any of my tricks," said Mrs. Bevis.

"Which is better than we intend to do."

"What is it you like best in a game at whist?" asked Renè, taking up the ace of hearts. "Oh, what are trumps?"

"Hearts are trumps, of course; and I like my partner best," answered Felix.

"As for me," said Mrs. Bevis, "after I've once seen my hand the play is done; it's just the luck of the thing that interests me. If I can't take three tricks I haven't a morsel of interest left. You lead, Renè. Oh no, it's dummy's, to be sure!"

"Dummy leads trumps!" cried Renè. "I should always like to play second or fourth hand, there's less responsibility in either. But, after all, what *I* like in the game—"

"Is to take the tricks," said Felix, suiting the action to the word.

"Yes. The manœuvring; the finessing, you call it; the deploying my forces to the best possible advantage; remembering the ins and outs, saving my knaves, making on my low trumps, and knowing a thirteenth when I see him!"

"That was a dreadful clap," asserted Mrs. Bevis, *à propos* of the thunder; "it almost shook the teeth out of my head. How are the honors, Mr. Felix? I had two. Dear, no, I didn't; it was dummy who had the ace, after all."

"And Renè played that!"

"Dear, so she did. But the odd trick's mine."

"The thunder demoralizes your memory; you have the odd trick, but the honors belong to your niece."

"Well, it's all in the family," said Renè. "Did you see that blue flash, Felix? It was like cold steel, glittering and sharp!" and then she paused, and blushed, and made a misdeal. She had called him Felix, that was all.

"I forgive the pretty blunder," he said, equivocally, throwing her an arch glance. "Pass the cards to Mrs. Bevis, Renè, we've lost the deal."

"What are you laughing at?" asked Renè, after the blush had subsided and she had stolen a look at Felix, who was smiling without knowing it.

"I was laughing at your dismay at losing the deal," he answered; "at least that was the beginning of it."

"And what was the end?"

"I sha'n't tell you, O daughter of Eve!" for the truth was, he had been thinking of his mother and sister down at the beach, and smiling at the picture he was painting of those high and mighty ladies suddenly arriving to find their elegant son and brother playing at whist with the housekeeper and her niece, and enjoying it, too! Not that he by any means esteemed it a condescension on his part; but he knew too well their aristocratic ideas not to be amused at the shock these would receive from a knowledge of his present employment; for was it not worth his mother's indignation and his sister's sneers to be so near Renè that he might touch her hand, and Mrs. Bevis be none the wiser? So near that he could constrain her gaze and be assured that those eyes shone only for himself? So near he could hear her heart beat, the quick breath come and go at his whispered word, could see the blush painting on the cheek? How did sneers and family pride and the cold shoulder of the world weigh in the balance against these? Let any lover answer. So there they sat, long after the rubber had vanquished them, talking in that delicious half-tone which only lovers and gossips know how to use to advantage, exchanging opinions and tastes, recounting a score of anecdotes of their childhood, going over the early events of their first acquaintance, which already seemed an antediluvian epoch, till presently Mrs. Bevis, who had been obligingly nodding in her chair, occasionally bringing herself up with a lurch and asking some chaotic question of her oblivious companions, made a more desperate effort than hitherto, and startled them from their sweet absorption with a loud query concerning the weather. Renè rose then and threw open a window. "The clouds are breaking," she said; "the storm is over."

Felix went to look out with her; he laid one hand gently on her shoulder while he counted her rings with the other.

"Loves me—loves me not. Haven't you another ring, Renè? A wedding-ring would remedy that. There's a star on the edge of that cloud. One? There's a handful. What are you saying, Renè?"

"'Star light, star bright,
The first star I've seen to-night;
Wish I may, wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night.'"

"Is that a spell? And when does it take effect?"

"Oh, that's the star's business!"

"And you wished—"

"That is also the star's business."

"And *I* have no part in it, Renè? No more than if I were a dweller in that star?"

"'No dwelling more, by sea or shore,
But only in thy heart,'"

she sang, softly, without replying.

"You make me shudder whenever you sing that dismal distich," he said; "I feel as if I were already dead."

"I was thinking," she answered, "that perhaps all these little gusts that blow across our faces and then are gone are caused by the disembodied in their passage through space; and I was wondering if you would recognize it, if I myself parted the waves of air and sent a cold current to ruffle your hair."

"You are growing spectral, Renè; I shall see through you presently. What put such fancies into your brain? Come, it's time you were in bed; these late hours are raising the—ghosts."

They said good-night on the landing outside her door; a very tedious good-night, thought the estimable Mrs. Bevis, waiting for Renè in the seclusion of her own room.

It was a little singular that, going about his business on the morrow, the very lines he had forbidden Renè to sing should repeat themselves in the mind of Felix again and again; should spring to his lips in melodious measure, only to be checked a dozen times during the day:

"No dwelling more, by sea or shore,
But only in thy heart."

One afternoon a faded leaf blew across his path and reminded him that summer was at an end. This suggested a train of disagreeable reflections, such as the probable speedy return of the family to town, and the speedy retreat of Renè to her school-room. These had the effect of causing him to change his course, which had been in the direction of the station, and to return again to Renè, whom he found shivering over a wood-fire, for the evening was raw, a forerunner of early frosts.

"There's good news for you, Mr. Felix," said Mrs. Bevis, putting down the cream-pitcher and pushing a letter across the table to him. "Your mother writes that she shall return in the course of a fortnight or so, and *hopes to find every thing satisfactory*. But why she should underscore that particular sentence passes me," confessed the perplexed matron. "Every thing *has* been satisfactory, hasn't it? I'm sure, Mr. Felix, I've done my best, and you and Renè have seemed to enjoy the summer amazingly!"

"I don't anticipate any trouble for you, Mrs. Bevis," he answered with his light-hearted manner; and then he put aside the little box containing Planchette, which he had been taking down to amuse the beachers, and went to speak with Renè.

"I'm dreadfully dour to-day," she said, half-smiling; "I've been trying to throw it off as one would a fever, but it won't be so lightly dealt with."

"I've brought a little friend who will exorcise it in a jiffy—a little French lady."

"Oh!" said Renè, who had a feminine horror of strangers generally, "where is she?"

"I'll introduce her after tea; she's a wonderful little body, and will tell you the strangest things. Why, do you know? she told me the other night that I loved my love with an R!"

"Was that one of the strange things?"

"Strange—because it is true."

"I should like to see her," said Renè, rising and beginning to suspect a joke.

"Which?"

"Both, of course."

Mrs. Bevis had been called down stairs just before by Keene to superintend some household affair; and Felix, seeing that they were quite alone in the housekeeper's room, took Renè gently by the shoulder and turned her about before the old-fashioned beveled mirror of the last century; the fire-light flashed across it and brightened the color in the cheeks, and lit a momentary spark in the wide gray eyes, and reddened the brown tint of her falling hair.

"What do you see, Renè?" he asked, looking over her shoulder at the reflection.

"I see a very ordinary little person."

"Speak well of her, if you please, Miss Devereaux, for it is the little person concerning whom you just expressed a curiosity—it is the little person whom I love!"

She staggered somewhat at that, and put away the arms that would have embraced her.

"Oh, I ought to have told you, I ought to have told you," she gasped; and then Keene brought in the tea-tray, followed closely by Mrs. Bevis, and Felix strode to the fire-place and watched the embers whiten and fall till recalled by the odor of crisp toast and fragrant hyson.

There was very little eaten between the two that night; Renè made-believe sip her tea and broke her toast into crumbs, while Felix played with his fork, made true-lover's-knots of his napkin, and gave Mrs. Bevis some account of a picture he had met with down in town, representing "The Lady of Shalott."

"Who is *she?*" asked the matron, quite innocently, but by no means relieving the embarrassment.

"True enough," he answered, good-naturedly, "who is she? You or your neighbor or Renè maybe. Any one who is the prisoner of circumstances, whether mental or material.

'A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.'

That must have been a weird life of hers; seeing hope and youth and love in her mirror, but utterly beyond her reach—as I just now saw you, Renè."

"I think it means that one should be satisfied with one's own work, and not be looking down to Camelot after shadows."

"But I contend that shadows are better than nothing. If *I* had been the Lady of Shalott, I would rather have seen Launcelot's shadow than not to have seen him at all."

"But the shadow would not have contented you."

"No," emphatically; and after that there was little said, except by Mrs. Bevis, who discussed the merits of white and colored servants, and had it all her own way till the tea-things were removed and Morpheus put in a veto, while Felix sat glowering over the red-hot coals, all there was left of the bright wood-fire, and Renè snipped profiles in paper as if her bread-and-butter depended upon them. Felix had quite forgotten the existence of Planchette, with whose pranks he had expected to amuse Renè; instead he was wondering what it was she could possibly have to conceal from him—if she had ever been married, if she loved—Dr. Van Eyck, for instance; when suddenly it struck him that it might be as well to ask her, and dissipate or confirm his doubts and fears. He left his seat then, and leaning down over the back of her chair till his cheek almost brushed her own, he whispered, in his most resolute manner: "Renè, you said just now that you should have told me something. Renè, I am waiting to hear it."

The hand that held the scissors shook violently and snipped a Grecian profile in two, the cool gray eyes intensified in expression and deepened a shade or two in hue.

"I did not mean to keep it from you," she began, quite calmly: "I was so happy here I forgot it could signify: besides, I had not been used to speak of it to any one; no one would have cared unless—unless— Oh, I should have gone away from you at first; I ought never to have looked at you, spoken to you, thought of you; I should have gone back to my classes at once, and then you would have forgotten me and —I should have died!"

"Then it is not that you love some one else?" he asked, already relieved, and gathering her in his arms. "I've been a jealous fool, Renè, for these two hours. When you are my wife, dear—"

But she shook herself free in replying:

"I do not think that will ever happen, Mr. Adriance. I may go mad, but not mad enough to marry. I told you once before that it was in the family: what would you say if I should tell you now, that my only brother is in the asylum at ——?"

Miss Devereaux's secret was laid bare and she breathed more freely, though only waiting till she should perceive the frost of reserve creep over the manner of Felix, his tone lose its pleading sweetness, his eye lack love and earnestness. But this she was not to perceive.

"Is that all? I should say I'm profoundly sorry, but that very fact renders it more imperative for me to take care you do not follow his example," he answered, possessing himself of her icy hand.

"But I may, you know. Insanity is hereditary. It was a little thing that sent him there, as the world goes; only a cross in love, and—"

"And, Renè," he interrupted, "do you love me?"

"Oh, you know I do!"

"Then assuredly I must marry you. From humane motives purely, in order to keep you sane. You see, I have won the case!" And he gathered her again in his arms, unresisting, and Mrs. Bevis pursued her dreams undisturbed, and the old family clock, that had struck the hour of Felix's birth, went on ticking off the moments of his supremest happiness as composedly as the minutes of any ordinary day in the year; while down at the beach, at that very instant, Mr. Hamilton Hedge was telling Miss Adriance that he had met Felix quite often of late in company with "the loveliest woman, by Jove—present company excepted—met them at Central Park, at Delmonico's, looking at pictures, etc., etc.; a girl with great gray translucent eyes, and such a way of using them, by Jove!" "Ah," says his fair listener, "it must have been Lucia Gascoyne; she is just home from her tour in Switzerland."

Mr. Hedge knows Miss Gascoyne, and it was not that distinguished traveler.

"Who then? Not Barbara Althrop; she has blue eyes, but one might easily mistake blue for gray."

Mr. Hedge is certain it was not Miss Althrop, and, having no further interest in the matter, proposes that they shall join in the next mazourka, which the band is beginning to inaugurate, and immediately they are floating gracefully down the room, as if nothing had happened.

Perhaps it did not much matter, for Felix was too full of happiness to conceal it, only it prepared them for the blow, gave them the vantage-ground, so to speak, when he went down radiant and confessed every thing to his stately mother and sister.

"I hope you are not displeased," he ventured, when the tale was ended and he awaited criticism.

"I shall always be glad to know of your true happiness, my dear Felix," replied his mother. "I shall always do my best to promote it."

For, after all, what could she do? Felix was of age, his money was his own, to be wasted on a plebeian if he chose. What could she do? Well, nothing, perhaps; at least it greatly depended upon the real character of the girl in question; it was of no use to storm to Felix, he was a free agent in the matter, and opposition would only fix his purpose. It was plain there was but one course for her to pursue, and she resolved to pursue it; but it was not acquiescence.

Renè had been idly sitting over her work in the housekeeper's room one morning, waiting for Felix, but he had not come; something detained him, that was all. In the mean while, since Mrs. Bevis busied the servants below, Renè sang softly to herself, looking out at the blue heavens that seemed to wear a smile, at the dead leaves blown up and down by the errant wind in a wild witches' dance, at the doves that cut the sunshine with their tremulous wings; when presently the rustle of silk, and the existence of some heavy odor, drew her gaze inward, to where a haughty, brown-browed woman stood upon the threshold and surveyed her with a questioning gaze. Her heart gave a quick throb at this apparition, and Mrs. Adriance saw, with secret pleasure, that the rose dropped from her cheek as if it had been a mask; that she steadied herself against a chair, as though anticipating a blow.

It was not the way of Mrs. Adriance to dally with whatever ugly business she might have in hand. She went straight to the point now; no sparing of the rod here—no bending or swerving from the original purpose by any such appeals as the steely glitter of tearless eyes, the constriction of colorless lips, the suppressed and painful utterances of a broken voice, a desolated heart. She had a strong will, this Mrs. Adriance, and a powerful eloquence; and when she painted, in no unsympathetic or vulgar terms, the social disparities and distinctions of class, the disasters ensuing from *mésalliances*; and, descending from generalities to personalities, when she entreated the tender woman's heart for generosity toward the man who loved too well for his own peace and prosperity, entreated the beloved to defend her lover against herself, depicted the single-handed combat accruing to one mated out of his rank; when she demonstrated that his love was but a millstone about his neck, which—such is the frailty of poor human nature—might one day grow irksome to him, grow hateful, be cast aside and forgotten; when, waxing terrible in her prophecies, and never once relieving Renè from the nightmare of her basilisk eyes, Mrs. Adriance at last saw that the victim had surrendered her will, it was then only that she paused a little for breath, and it may be for courage, before dealing the final *coup*. She well knew that all her fine rhodomontade would be to Felix but so much rubbish; that if society threatened him, he would defy society; that distinctions of class and all that were but a feather's weight in the balance against love and fidelity; that something very different must be brought to bear before he would believe love a failure and fidelity a myth.

There was silence between the two for a little while, during which Renè seemed only conscious of a subtle, hateful perfume poisoning all the healthy air; only aware of the basilisk eyes still probing her—of a dull sense of something having happened most fatal, of something lost or missed. She heard the house-maid laugh upon the stair, a remote tinkle like the sound one hears in a hollow sphere; her wandering eye, resting on the old beveled mirror of the last century, paused for the last time to behold again the picture it had revealed one autumn evening, not so long ago as to be counted a thing of the past, when the fire-light played upon the ceiling, glittered in the old china on the tea-table, glowed in the eyes of two lovers reflected there—two lovers who would never touch lips again while the breath was warm on both, while the rose reveled on the cheek and love deployed in the eye. She had not observed that Mrs. Adriance in the mean time had risen from her seat and approached her, speaking with an emphasis which Renè vainly exerted herself to understand.

"And in order that your renunciation shall be an affair not merely of words, you will write to Felix and say to him—of course I comprehend how it is, but one must sacrifice to the utmost now and then; such effort is required of one but once in a lifetime—you will say to him, then, that you have ceased to love him; without this avowal your sacrifice will be null and void;" and she put pen and paper before her to write to Felix. She had never done such a thing, she had never had occasion to do so; there was only one thing in the world she could need to say to him, and he knew that, indeed, already; but all the same the unquiet fingers clutched at the pen, and the eyes that had grown dull and opaque since the hour began brightened a trifle at the thought of that knowledge; then the voice of Mrs. Adriance again marred the silence. Mrs. Adriance, who saw events marching "in grand accordance" with her wish.

"And now, as I have some few words to exchange with Mrs. Bevis, I will leave you, certain that your excellent judgment, which has directed you thus far, will not fail you in the sequel;" and she glided from the room, without once glancing over her shoulder, all the purple of her silken robes trailing about her and shaking out rare perfumes from their shining folds as she went.

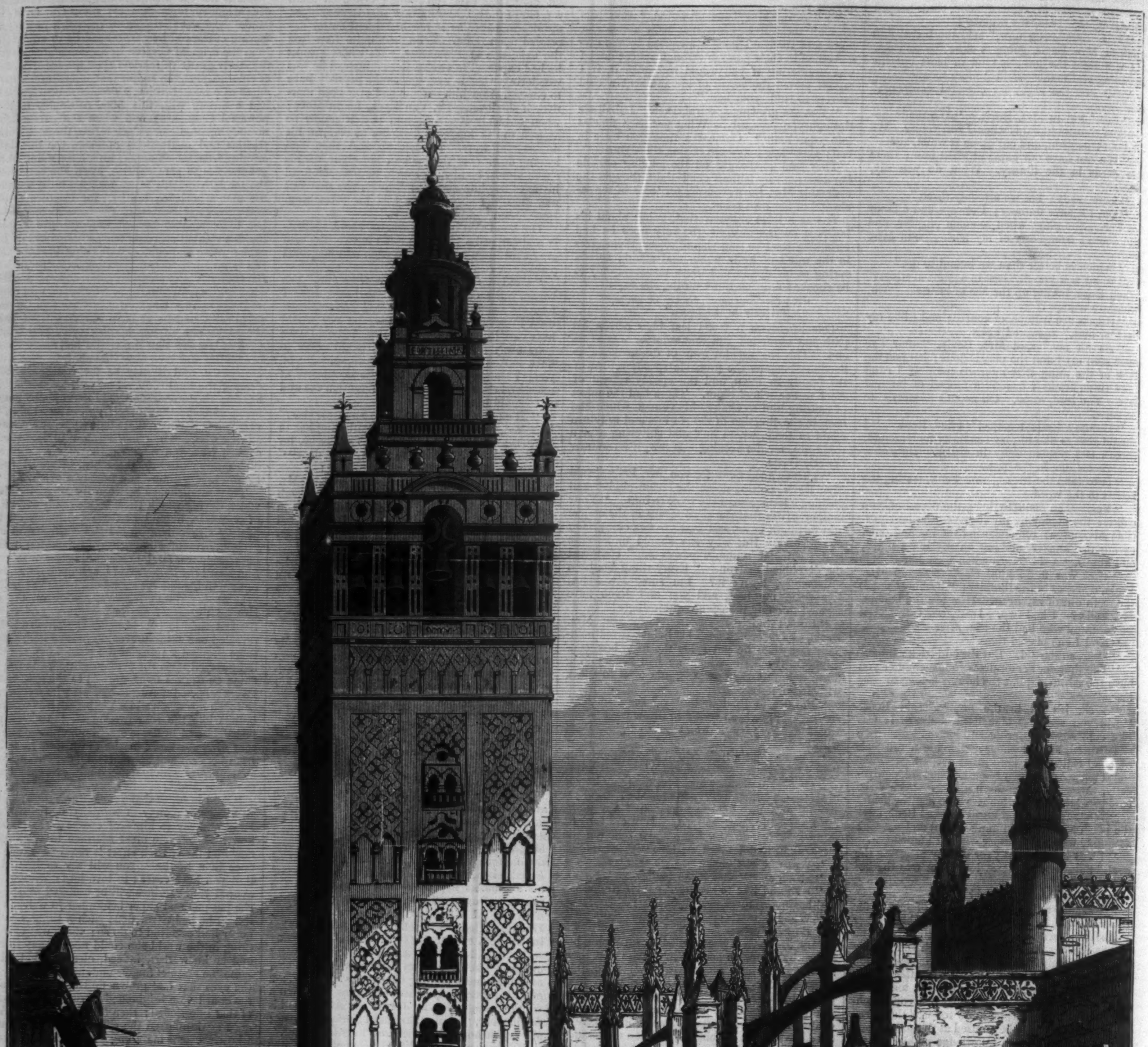
It was perhaps three-quarters of an hour later that Felix opened the hall-door and moved toward the housekeeper's room, humming as he went the familiar forbidden words,

"No dwelling more, by sea or shore,
But only in thy heart."

He came in with a light step and a lighter heart, but half-way down the hall he paused through some strange impulse, paused and glanced back; some phantasmal thing, some nebulous lustre seemed to sweep by him on a cold wind, that made him shudder where he stood; or was it but the motes in the sunbeam that fell across his path? It was only the fraction of a second, however, before he stood in the doorway of Mrs. Bevis's room; the idle sunshine mapped out the window-shapes upon the floor, with the pots of flowers; the scarlet geranium blushed deeper in its warm embrace; a late fly buzzed noisily through the room and gave a sense of summer to the place; and the castle-in-the-air, suspended from the ceiling, swayed slowly to and fro, as if moved by some gentle breath. The picture was very lovely in his eyes, though it was only the housekeeper's room, adorned by her taste and made sacred by her niece. But why did not Renè speak to him? Why did she sit so still, with her head dropped above her hand? Why did she not even lift her sweet gray eyes to welcome her lover? In a breathing space he had crossed the floor and bent above her. What did it mean, these words scrawled and blurred upon the paper, "I love you, Felix; I love—?" This icy hand stiffening about the pen? These waxen lids that refused to lift?

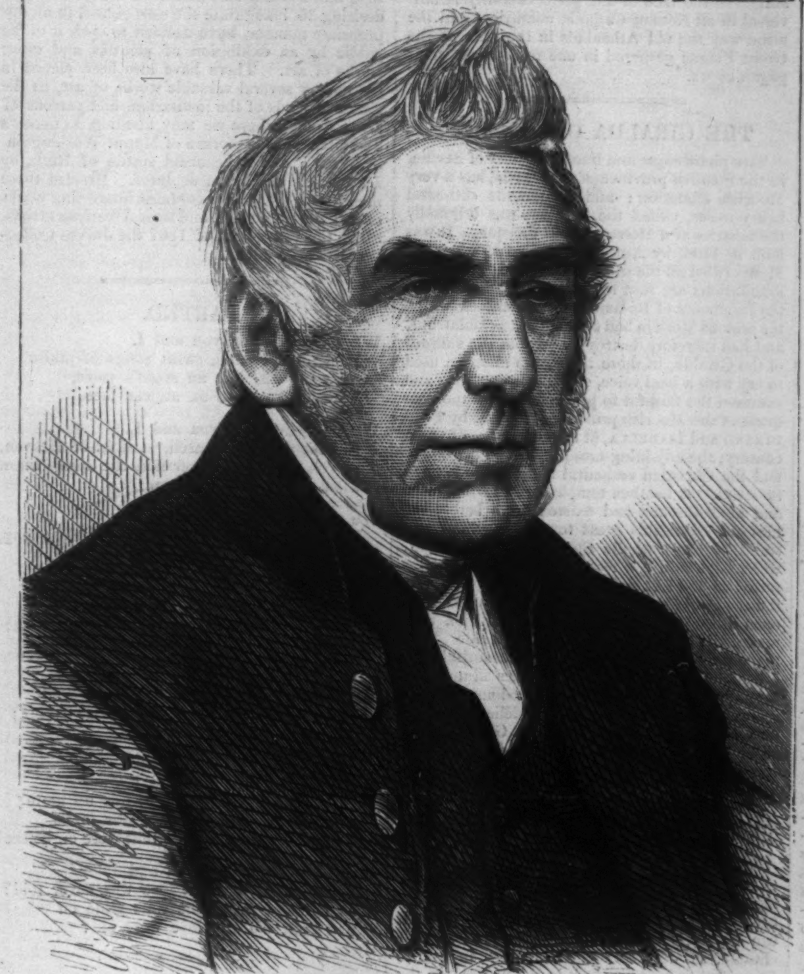
"Renè! Renè!" he called; but Renè did not answer: she was not there.

Miss Devereaux's vacation was at an end.



A STREET IN SEVILLE, SPAIN—THE GIRALDA.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

THE LATE DEAN MILMAN.

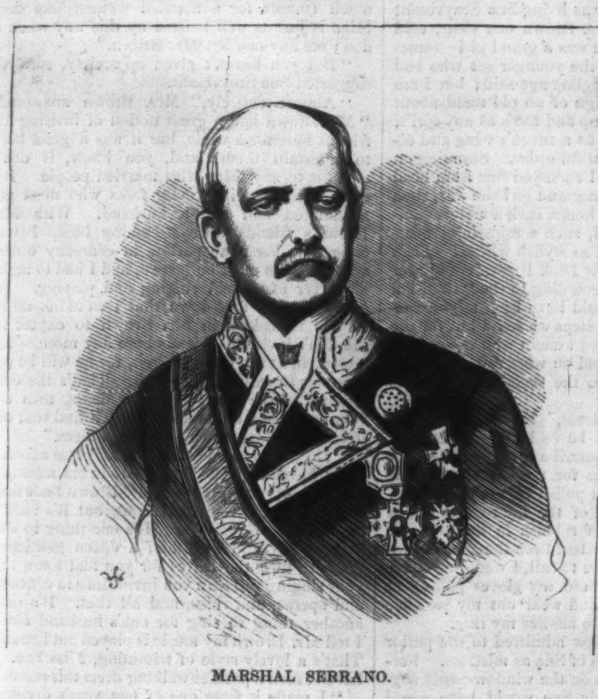


THE LATE REV. DR. MILMAN, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

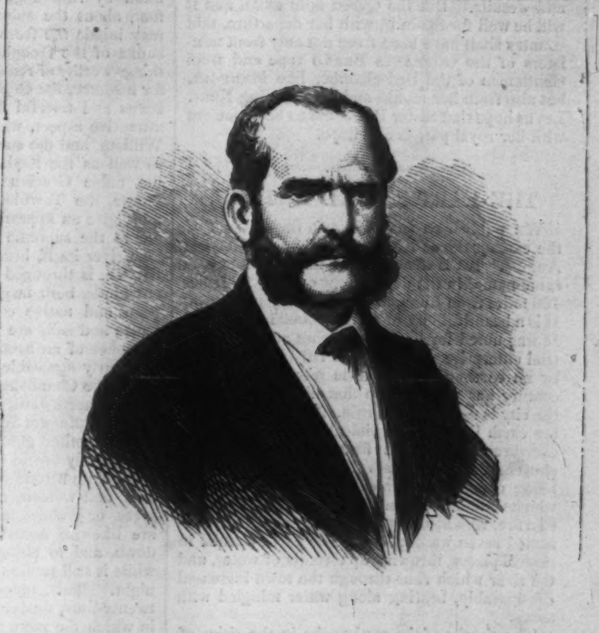
THE death of this accomplished clergyman, historian, critic, and poet was lately announced. HENRY HART MILMAN was born in 1791. He was the youngest son of Sir FRANCIS MILMAN, Bart., M.D., physician to King GEORGE III., who conferred upon the father, in 1800, a baronetcy, now held by the present Sir WILLIAM MILMAN, of Levaton-in-Woodland, Devonshire, first cousin of the late Dean. The mother of HENRY HART MILMAN was a daughter of WILLIAM HART, Esq., of Stapleton, near Bristol. His education was commenced at the well-known school of Dr. BURNEY, at Greenwich, whence he was removed to Eton, where he soon became distinguished for his skill in the composition of Latin verse. From Eton he went to Oxford, where he entered Brasenose College, and in 1812 he won the Newdigate prize for an English poem on the APOLLO BELVEDERE, taking also, in 1813, the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem on ALEXANDER'S visit to the tomb of ACHILLES. He obtained his B.A. degree in the same year, taking a first class in classics. While pursuing his University course so successfully he found time also to devote himself to poetry, and wrote the tragedy of "Fazio," which he published soon after he had obtained his degree of B.A. It was taken possession of by the manager of the Surrey Theatre, where it was performed as "The Italian Wife," without asking permission of the author. It was afterward acted at Covent Garden, where Miss O'NEILL played the part of Bianca, the heroine, and it has continued to be a stock piece. In 1816 he was ordained, and the year afterward was appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading, a preferment which he held for eighteen years. In 1818 "Samor," an heroic poem in twelve books, which he had commenced while at Eton and had finished at Oxford, was published. In 1820 he published the "Fall of Jerusalem," a dramatic poem founded upon the History of Josephus; and in 1821 "The Martyr of Antioch," "Belshazzar," and "Annie Boleyn," also dramatic poems. In 1826 appeared a collected edition of his poems, including these and other pieces, and a second edition was published in 1840. In 1827 he was Bampton Lecturer, and, as customary, his lectures were published. He became Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1821, and during his ten years' term of professorship he was not idle in the study of his subject, for he passed from his own language to the Greek, and lectured on the Greek poets, contributing also a series of papers on the same subject to the *Quarterly Review*. Not satisfied yet, he pushed on into Sanscrit literature, and gave to the world a metrical version in English of a Sanscrit poem, one of the episodes of the "Mahabharata," entitled "Naba and Damayanta." This is to be found in the 1840 edition of his poems. His "History of the Jews" appeared anonymously as a portion of MURRAY'S "Family Library," before 1829, but it was not long before its authorship became known. A work upon which his fame might rest appeared in 1840—the "History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire." This is a work of great merit, and displays the results of much labor and research; but the one by which he will probably be most enduringly remembered, and the most laborious of his many undertakings, has been the "History of Latin Christianity to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.," published in the year 1854. In the year 1835 he was appointed Rector of St. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster, which appointments he held till, on the death of Dr. COPLESTONE in 1849, he was promoted to the Deanery of St. Paul's. He wrote a "Life of Keats" and a "Life of Horace," which is prefixed to the illustrated edition of that ancient poet and satirist published in 1849. He also prepared an edition, with copious notes, of GIBBON'S "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

We publish on this page the portraits of some of the most prominent revolutionary leaders. Marshal FRANCISCO SERRANO, who appears to be at the head of the Provisional Government, is the Duke de la Torre. He was born about the close of the last century, and acquired his military experience in the war of independence. He assisted in bringing about the fall of ESPARTERO in 1843. After the restoration of the Queen-mother he coalesced with NARVAEZ in the attempts of the latter to overthrow OLOZAGA. Shortly after the marriage of Queen ISABELLA with the DUKE OF CADIZ he acquired an influence over the mind of his sovereign which occasioned differences between the King Consort and himself and occasioned some scandal. After the ministry of M. DE SALAMANCA had yielded to the storm of popular indignation which assailed it, SERRANO turned Liberal. In 1854 he was exiled on account of his connection with a rising at Saragossa, but soon returned and became an active supporter of the O'DONNELL and ESPARTERO Cabinet. In the rupture which followed between these two he sided with O'DONNELL. In the *coup d'état* of 1856 he played into the hands of the latter, and was then created Duke de la Torre. In 1857 he was sent as embassador to the Court of France. In June, 1865, he was appointed Captain-General of Madrid. Since that time he has acted with the party of progress. His recent return from exile gave him a favorable position at the beginning of the late insurrection.

General DON DOMINGO DULCE, now about sixty years of age, was formerly Lieutenant-General of the Spanish forces. He was born in the city of Sotes, Spain. He is descended from an old and titled Spanish family. In the civil war he took an active part against the Carlist party, and for his able defense of the Queen's palace he was, in 1842, made Gentleman of the Bedchamber. Afterward he was rewarded with the post of Commandant of Seville and Saragossa, where he so distinguished himself that, in 1849, he was appointed Field-Marshal. He was associated with Marshal O'DONNELL in the Vicalvaro insurrection of 1854. He held the position of Captain-General in Cuba from 1863 until the summer of 1866, when, before returning to Spain, he visited this country, receiving a warm welcome from our citizens. Early in 1867 he returned to Cuba, where he was united in marriage with the Countess SANTOVENIA, a lady of wealth and high position. Returning with his bride to Spain he became implicated to such a degree in revolutionary schemes that he was ban-



MARSHAL SERRANO.

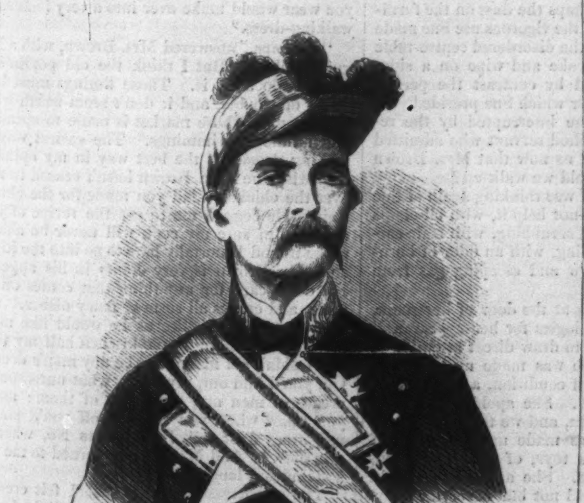


ADMIRAL TOPETE.

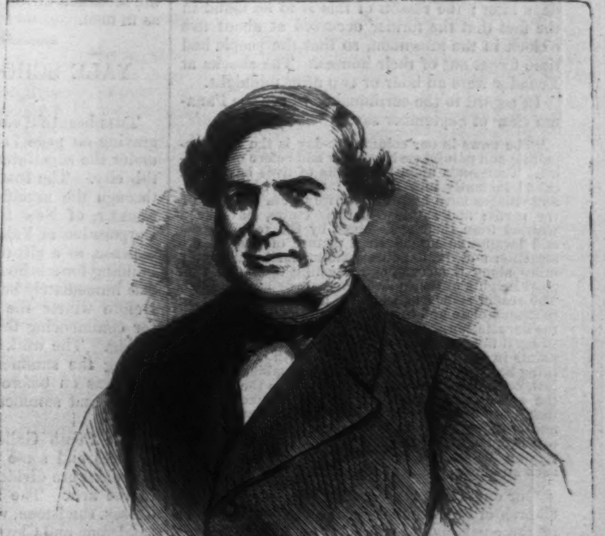
THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

AFTER more than a quarter of a century of misrule, during which Queen ISABELLA with apparent impunity has fed upon the forbidden fruit of despotism, this sovereign has been driven from the paradise of royalty. Twelve days of revolution sufficed to clean out at least one of the Augean stables of Spain—that, namely, which defiled her palace. It is remarkable that a revolution so complete has been so quietly as well as so rapidly accomplished, and that a government so tyrannical and so indecent has been overturned without disaster. It can scarcely be called a fall, it was a collapse. The government proved a *felo de se*, its own rottenness procured its ruin. Even the Spaniards, who of all peoples upon earth are characterized by a sentiment of loyalty, refused to follow the standard of a notoriously licentious Queen. The movement against the throne was truly national. Progressistas, Moderates, and Democrats united against the common evil. Even personal jealousies were for the time forgotten; PRIM, SERRANO, DULCE, and TOPETE were in thorough accord. "The victory of the revolution," said PRIM, in the midst of the ovation of his welcome to Madrid, "was due to the joint action of the fleet, Marshal SERRANO, and the exiled generals." All of these leaders placed themselves at the disposal of ESPARTERO, who, however, while congratulating the nation upon its deliverance, declined to take an active part in affairs.

So impotent is the exiled Queen that her very protest, denouncing the revolutionists as felons, and the insurrection itself as a "death-blow to virtue" (!), is in contempt conspicuously placarded in the streets by the order of the Provisional Government.



GENERAL DULCE.



SALUSTIANO OLOZAGA.

ished to Teneriffe, whence he recently embarked to join the present movement.

Señor Salustiano Olozaga has been residing at Paris for some time. He is a wise and moderate statesman, and though called upon to become a member of the Spanish Cabinet is reported to be, like Espartero, indisposed to enter into an active participation in affairs. He has been appointed Special Envoy to Paris and London.

Admiral Joas B. Topete, formerly a representative from Cadiz in the Spanish Parliament, has taken a prominent part in the late movement. He strongly advocates a constitutional monarchy.

The revolution has succeeded, and the provisional Junta is now dissolved to give place to whatever form of government the Cortes may dictate. During its brief rule it has abolished religious orders and suggested many wise measures of reform in regard to the abolition of slavery, the establishment of civil and religious liberty, and the extension of the suffrage.

Spain will have indeed experienced a marvelous deliverance, if, with the revival of a constitutional monarchy, she shall be able to throw off the burden of priestcraft. She has 100,000 monks, bishops and priests without number. Her clergy are intolerant and carefully cherish ignorance and fanaticism. We have seen within the last year with what enthusiasm the people of Roman Catholic Austria hailed their deliverance from their own priesthood. Thus it will be in Spain. It is where the burden is heaviest that it is most sensibly felt. In Spain probably not more than 100,000 out of her population of 19,000,000 (including the colonies) are Protestants; yet here, as in other intensely Roman Catholic nations, we find the revulsion against papal abuses the most violent when once it is aroused. The intimate sympathy which existed between Isabella and the Pope certainly did not benefit the Papal cause in Spain. It is a remarkable indication of the national feeling that in the ranks of the Papal army there are so few Spaniards as compared with the recruits from other Roman Catholic countries outside of Italy. The Pope in sending to Isabella the golden rose—the emblem of virtue—unless he meant to perpetrate a joke, certainly acted unwisely. Every communication of this sort between the Holy Father and the libidinous Queen was construed by the Spaniards as an insult to themselves. The Queen's consort—who held a sinecure in his domestic as well as in his political relations—is said to have fostered in her mind the most degrading superstition. Whether from this cause or some other, it is certainly true that her mind was a tool in the hands of monks and Jesuits. But the Queen is in exile, and it will be well for Spain if, with her departure, that country shall have been freed not only from ministers of the Gonzales Bravo type and from Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber like Marfori, but also from her monks and her Bleeding Nuns. Let us hope that Sister Patrocinio has gone out with her royal patron and dupe.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN PERU.

We publish on page 709 two illustrations of the earthquake at Ica, Peru, on the 13th of last August. Ica is the capital of the province of the same name, in the department of Lima. It lies 168 miles from Lima, and near the Pacific Ocean. It is a beautiful city of about 30,000 inhabitants. It was noted for its fine churches and its industrial enterprise. In the year 1813 it was ruined by an earthquake. A little more than half a century has passed since that disaster, and now the city is again laid in ruin. The movement of the earth had been so violent that it completely overthrew more than forty houses and some churches, all the houses that remained standing being completely ruined. The fall of a store which contained inflammable materials occasioned a fire, which, although soon extinguished, consumed seven warehouses. The earth opened in several places, throwing up torrents of water, and the river which runs through the town increased considerably, bearing along water mingled with ashes.

The shocks of the earthquake in the cities of Peru, on the 13th of August, were less destructive to life than those which visited Ecuador three days later; the reason of this is to be found in the fact that the former occurred at about five o'clock in the afternoon, so that the people had time to get out of their houses. The shocks at Ecuador were an hour or two after midnight.

In regard to the earthquake in Peru the Panama *Star* of September says:

> "The news in our columns to-day is the most appalling and painful we have ever laid before our readers. Thousands upon thousands of lives have been called instantly into eternity; whole cities, towns, and villages have been swept away from the face of the earth; and ships, with their crews, have been whirled from their anchorages by the receding sea and swallowed up. Such a picture of general destruction and desolation extending for hundreds of miles along the coast, and reaching up to the topmost heights of the Andes, can scarcely be imagined. The reader stands aghast with horror in attempting to contemplate and to comprehend the magnitude of the devastation which has occurred. It is impossible to say if the desolation is at an end. There are many points in the interior and further south of which nothing has yet reached us from the Colombian frontier. But, counting only what is known up to the present, the evil extends over more than 200 leagues. More than 300,000 persons have remained without shelter and without bread in consequence of this horrible catastrophe, and with difficulty shall we find in history an instance of a calamity which has embraced such an immense extent of territory."

Our engraving representing the interior of the Church of St. Anne shows the destructive effect of the earthquake upon the fine edifices of Ica. When the shocks began the people of this city, as is their usual custom in such an emergency, thronged to the public square to implore the protection of their patron saint. In this instance they prostrated themselves before the statue of Christ, called also El Señor del Lorin. This custom of fleeing to patron saints for succor in the face of any great calamity is universal in all Roman Catholic countries. In the same way the old Athenians in the time of the Great Plague gathered in one mass about their pagan altars.

THE GIRALDA OF SEVILLE.

The picturesque and interesting city of Seville, in the Spanish province of Andalusia, has a very Moorish character; and its famous cathedral belfry-tower, called the Giralda, was originally the minaret of a Mohammedan mosque. It was built in 1196, by Abu Yusuf Yacub, when the Moors ruled all the southern parts of Spain. Its foundations are said to have been composed of the fragments of Roman or Greek statues, which the zealous Moslem had condemned as idolatrous, and had therefore destroyed. From the summit of the Giralda, in those times, the muezzin used to cry with a loud voice, several times a day, and summon the faithful to prayers. After the conquest of the Moorish provinces of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, at the end of the fifteenth century, the adjoining mosque was pulled down, and the Christian cathedral church was built in its stead. A heathen temple, first Carthaginian and next Roman, had existed there before the mosque. But this great tower was allowed to stand by the Catholic Spaniards. Its height, which had been 250 feet when first erected, was raised to 350 feet by Fernando Ruiz, in 1568; the elegant belfry, with sides of richly-decorated, open stone-work, constituted the addition then made. It is a square of 50 feet each side. The graceful intersecting arches form a beautiful feature of its design. It is sometimes illuminated at night, on grand festival occasions, when it seems to hang like a vast chandelier from the dark sky above. The name of the Giralda is derived from the vane on its top, which *gira*, or turns round, like other weather-cocks.

THE HORSES' MORNING BATH AT CALCUTTA.

The habit of early rising, for the sake of taking exercise in the open air at the only time except, perhaps, an hour in the evening, when it can be safely taken and even enjoyed in that climate, is decidedly commendable in India. From five to seven o'clock in the fine season the resident or visitor at Calcutta may improve his health and find plenty of amusement for his mind by rambling, either on horseback or on foot, about the suburbs of that great city; or may inhale the fresh breeze of morning on the banks of the Hooghly, where he will see many things worthy of remark. Along Garden Reach, for instance, the elegant villas with their verdant lawns and tasteful flower-gardens, have a very attractive aspect, while the distant view of Fort William, and the stately houses of Chowringhee, as well as the Esplanade, with its monuments, the noble Grecian edifice called Government House, the Townhall, and other public buildings, give an appearance of truly palatial grandeur to the supreme metropolis of British Asia. The river itself, broad as an estuary, or arm of the sea, is thronged with vessels of many different kinds, both large and small, both of European and native construction, and where their masts and sails are seen through the stems and branches of an avenue of fine trees the effect is singularly agreeable. The chief landing-place, called the Chandpaul Ghaut, with the strand extending northward, is adorned with many handsome buildings of an ornamental character. This and the other ghauts, or quays, are scenes of much lively bustle at an early hour of the day, when a multitude of native people, chiefly servants and women, come down for water. The syces, or grooms, in the employment of the rich, are likewise accustomed to bring their horses down, and to plunge with them into the river, while it still retains the pleasant coolness of the night. This, indeed, is the only hour of the twenty-four, during the hot season at Calcutta, in which the mere physical sensation of life is a pleasure. When the sun once more makes his tyrannical power felt by every living creature, the sensation of life is a burden to horses as well as to men.

YALE SCHOOL OF THE FINE ARTS.

This beautiful edifice, of which we give an engraving on page 717, was designed and erected under the superintendence of P. B. Wight, of this city. The Institution was founded in 1864, through the munificence of Mr. Augustus R. Street, of New Haven, who proposed to the Corporation of Yale College to erect at his sole expense, as a gift to the College, an appropriate building for a school of the fine arts. The work was immediately begun, in the autumn of 1864. Before winter the foundation was laid, ready for commencing the superstructure early in the spring. The work was carried rapidly forward during the summer and fall of 1865, and the roof was on before winter set in. During the spring and summer of 1866 the inside was finished.

The South Gallery contains the Trumbull pictures and some others. The first story and basement are divided into studios for instruction in the arts. The building is of Bellville, New Jersey, sandstone, with trimmings of Connecticut sandstone and Cleveland stone. It is very massive and substantial, and is built to stand for ages. Unfortunately it is not yet quite finished; but provision for its completion was made by Mr. Street at his death.

The School is managed by a Council, consisting of President Woolsey, Professor Salisbury, Messrs. D. Huntington, D. G. Mitchell, and Professor Porter. These gentlemen, desiring to inaugurate the new School in an appropriate manner, have decided to open it to the public by an exhibition of pictures and other works of art. There have also been placed in the gallery several valuable works of art, as the gifts of friends of the institution, and patrons of art. Among these we may mention Allston's Jeremiah; a fine picture of Mount Washington, by Wust; and a beautiful statue of Ruth, by Lombardi, an Italian sculptor. Besides those mentioned, the gallery contains interesting works of Smybert, Copley, and later American artists. Since the Exhibition of 1867 the Jarves Collection has been added.

PARTED.

We sang together, you and I,
  In a quiet church, sweet songs of praise;
Your voice was like an angel's voice,
  Your face was as an angel's face.

We knelt together, you and I,
  In that dim old church, in sight of Heaven,
And you prayed a prayer that the angels know
  That sin may be forgiven.

We walked together, you and I,
  In the happy groves where wood-birds sing,
But sweeter were the pleasant words
  That you kept murmuring.

They beat in time with our glad hearts,
  Old words they were from some old song;
Laughing, you sang them, all for me,
  As we two wandered on.

We talked together, you and I;
  Wise things you spoke for one so young;
I listened, feeling all the while
  That on your words a story hung.

We lived together, you and I,
  In those old years, two friends no more;
Did we ever dream of what was to be
  Could we span the years that were on before?

If we loved together, you and I,
  Was it wise that the love was never told?
Was it better to let the time glide on
  Till both life and love were old?

Mrs. BROWN—WIDOW.

When Mr. Brown was living Sue Stuyvesant and I called upon Mrs. Brown one clear, cold winter afternoon. Sue was a grand girl—something of an old maid, the younger set who had not passed the silly, giggling age said; but I am sure there was not a sign of an old maid about Sue, with her face plump and fresh as any girl's, and her hair as black as a raven's wing and always kept in such beautiful order. Standing on the Browns' door-step I surveyed Sue from head to foot, thinking what a grand girl she was, such an angel of patience at home, such a merry, companionable girl abroad, such a miracle of neatness and industry, and so stylish withal! Then I fell to wondering how Dick Brown could ever have jilted her; for, according to the "tradition of the elders," Sue would have been mistress of the mansion on whose steps we stood but for the blue-eyed, golden-haired woman who reigned inside as Mrs. Brown, and on whom we had come to call in obedience to the social requirements of the times.

"If Sue were mistress," I thought, "Dick Brown's house would be in better repair." I was sure she would prescribe a coat of paint for the front, some hinges for the shutters, a new bell-wire, a half-hour's polish on the door-plate, a vigorous scrubbing of the door-steps, and a general clearing out of rubbish in the area. I was very certain if Sue had been the Mrs. Brown upon whom I had come to call, I would not have been obliged to wear out my gloves pulling at the broken bell-wire and wear out my patience waiting for a servant to answer my ring.

When we were at last admitted to the parlor I fell to thinking again of Sue as mistress. Perhaps the finger-marks on the window-panes suggested how dextrously Sue would have wiped away the stains; perhaps the littered carpet reminded me of the skillful way in which Sue handled a broom; perhaps the dust on the furniture made me think of the vigorous use Sue made of a duster; perhaps the disordered centre-table and the remnants of cake and wine on a side-table brought to mind by contrast the perfect order of the rooms over which Sue presided.

My meditations were interrupted by the reappearance of the slipshod servant who admitted us, and who informed us now that Mrs. Brown was in her room—would we walk up?

In our "walk up" I was thinking again of Sue as mistress. I could not help it, with oil-cloths before me that needed scrubbing, with stair-carpet that needed sweeping, with an odor of burning grease from below and escaping gas from above.

Mrs. Brown met us at the door of her room, with a shower of apologies for her appearance. The apologies served to draw direct attention to her appearance, which was made up of golden hair in a tumble-down condition, a soiled sack, and a crumpled skirt. She apologized for the shabbiness of the room, and we took note of the shabbiness, which was made up of a litter of scraps and children's toys, of dust and stains and general seediness. She apologized for her children, and we could not but observe the uncleanness apparent in their faces and the neglect apparent in their garments.

"It's very well for young ladies like you to look as if you came out of bandboxes, but if you ever get married you'll find it don't pay," Mrs. Brown assured us, half apologetically and half warningly. "Mr. Brown often holds up this young lady, and that one, and the other as patterns to me," she continued. "But I tell him he might as well give me a vest-pattern when I am making up book-muslin. The relations of married women to society are so different that the patterns have no fitness."

I knew Sue Stuyvesant's creed, that the laws of attraction and repulsion that govern the lover govern the husband also. I had heard her say a score of times that the bit of ribbon, the graceful fall of lace, the pretty adjustment of locks of hair, the dainty ruffle, the harmonious dress, the sweetly-sung ballad, the winning tone and charming way that attracted the young man and made him a lover had equal power to please the husband and keep him a lover. I had heard her say as often that the neglected hair, the soiled collar, the untidy dress, the slipshod shoes, the indifferent tone and rough manner that repulsed a young man and nipped love in the bud had equal power to repulse the husband and blight love with the frost of indifference. But Sue Stuyvesant's creed was not to be spoken in Mrs. Brown's house; for my grand girl was a lady with true delicacy of feeling.

"How is Mr. Brown?" she inquired.

"He isn't very well," Mrs. Brown answered. "At least, he complains a great deal; but that's the way of men. They always think they are nearly dead if the least thing ails them. Mr. Brown has a bad cough sometimes, but it's nothing but a slight cold that every body is liable to. I tell him he is whimsical as any old woman."

"Sometimes these slight colds are more serious matters than we think," I suggested, remembering how thin and pale Dick Brown was.

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Brown answered. "But you'll find out, my dear, that it won't be worth while to worry yourself about every whim and conceit your husband gets in his head. Men are always getting some new hobby."

"Hobby?" I asked, with a view to gaining further knowledge.

"Yes," Mrs. Brown answered; "I couldn't enumerate Mr. Brown's hobbies. There's my hair, and dress, and the children, and the servants, and the table, and the bills, and social duties, and domestic duties, and his aches and pains, and the dear knows what else! What a lovely way that is of arranging your hair!"

"It is very simple," I answered. "Your hair would do elegantly in this way."

"My hair!" repeated Mrs. Brown. "Oh, my dear, I wouldn't think of it. It's entirely too much trouble for a married woman like me. Mine is just as well twisted up this way when I don't see any one but Mr. Brown."

"But you haven't given up society, surely," suggested Sue Stuyvesant.

"Almost entirely," Mrs. Brown answered. "Mr. Brown had a great notion of inviting his friends here for a while, but it was a great bore to entertain them; and, you know, it don't amount to any thing with married people. It's quite different with young folks who must get acquainted and find a husband. With Mr. Brown's friends always coming here, I was obliged to keep the parlors in company order, and my dress must be just so, and I had to make a martyr of myself, singing and playing. At last I put my foot down that I wouldn't do it. It was ridiculous in Mr. Brown to expect it. He don't invite his friends here any more. He sees them at the clubs though, for he will be out evenings in spite of his cough. That's the consistency of the man! Oh, my dears, men are very inconsistent creatures! You'll find that out if you ever have much to do with them."

"Do you sing and play much?" Sue asked.

"I haven't touched the piano in six months," Mrs. Brown answered. "Mr. Brown finds fault and begs for music sometimes, but it's such a bore to keep in practice. It's one thing to sing in company and have half a dozen gentlemen ready to turn the leaves for you and know that your singing will earn you invitations to concerts, and operas, and rides, and all that. It's quite another thing to sing for one's husband alone. I tell Mr. Brown my music is played out literally. That's a lovely style of trimming, Miss Sue. I haven't seen a prettier walking-dress this season."

"I made it from one of last year's dresses," Sue Stuyvesant replied. "Almost any dress will cut over into one. The drab poplin I have seen you wear would make over into a very handsome walking-dress."

"Perhaps," answered Mrs. Brown, with a languid smile. "But I think the old poplin will have to do as it is. Those flutings must be a world of trouble, and it don't seem worth while for a woman whose market is made to spend so much time in trimmings. The easiest way of making dresses is the best way in my opinion. Oh, Miss Sue! Mr. Brown hasn't ceased to rave over the chicken salad you made for the church Fair. He begged me to get the recipe of you, though I'm sure my cook will never be able to make it, and I mortally hate to go into the kitchen. Mr. Brown is very dainty in his appetite. He don't care for any thing that comes on the table, and craves all sorts of fancy dishes. If I catered to his appetite as he would like me to I might be cooking in the kitchen half my time, and I didn't get married to be any man's drudge. Oh, you'll find out, my dears, what unreasonable creatures men are, every one of them; and if you know when you are well off you'll stay as you are. Just tell John Peters No, when he proposes." And Mrs. Brown turned to me with a significant laugh.

The embarrassed blushes that I felt creeping over my face were happily put to flight by Sue Stuyvesant's rising. We had obeyed the social requirement of the times, and were at liberty to depart.

Down the street we met Dick Brown, walking with painfully slow steps. Sue Stuyvesant sighed after he had passed. "Poor fellow! I think his wife is blind," she said.

As we turned the corner I glanced around, and saw that Dick Brown was looking after us. I wondered if he was not thinking, as I had been, of the cheerless home and slovenly wife and neglected children to which he was going, and the home it might have been if the grand girl at my side had presided over it. "Poor fellow!" I said to myself, echoing Sue Stuyvesant's sigh. "I think if he was blind once he now sees."

Last week Sue Stuyvesant and I called on Mrs. Brown, a widow of nearly a year's standing. Waiting on the door-steps I remarked the paint on the house, the hinges to the shutters, the new bell-wire, the shining door-plate, the clean steps, and the orderly area.

"There is all the difference between a coal-cinder and a diamond apparent here," I whispered, contrasting the previous shabbiness with the present glitter and polish.

In the parlors there were the same marked evidences of improvement. The windows were clean, the carpets well swept, the furniture dusted, the tables orderly, and a delicious odor of violets pervading the apartments.

Mrs. Brown—Widow, soon made her appearance, and this time there were no apologies necessary. Her hair was arranged with taste and care, her dress was well-fitting and elaborately trimmed, and there was a very evident attempt at effect in stray curls, and sundry knots of ribbon, and graceful twists of tarlatan. The woman herself was animated, and interested in all the fashions and gossip of the times. "There is the difference between the coal-cinder and diamond apparent here, too," I thought, contrasting the previous languor and dullness with the present sparkle and gayety.

"Pray tell me how you crimp your hair, and manage your back-hair so beautifully?" she asked of Sue Stuyvesant, with all a young girl's animation and interest.

"It is a great deal of trouble, and I sometimes think it is a shame to spend so much time upon it. I would recommend a simpler style," Sue answered, a little maliciously.

"Oh, I don't mind the trouble so long as it is pretty," Mrs. Brown answered. "If people only think it becoming, I shall be paid."

Sue Stuyvesant gave me a significant look. I knew she was thinking of the twisted knot that was good enough for poor Dick Brown.

"Do you know of any pretty new music?" Mrs. Brown—Widow, inquired, turning to me.

"I thought you had given up your music," Sue Stuyvesant remarked, when I had made my reply.

"Oh yes; I gave it up for several years," Mrs. Brown answered; "but I am taking music lessons again, and devote several hours every day to practice. You know I have a good ear and a very tolerable voice."

"Yes," Sue Stuyvesant assented, a little sharply, with a look in her eyes that told me she remembered how Dick Brown, deceased, had begged for music, and this woman had told him it was "played out."

Mrs. Brown—Widow, fell to the discussion of fashions. "The present style of flouncing is beautiful," she remarked.

"They are an immense amount of trouble," I urged in objection. "The binding, and gathering, and sewing on require a great deal of time and patience."

"I suppose so," Mrs. Brown replied; "but they add so much style to the appearance that they repay you for all the labor they cost. I am flouncing all my dresses after elaborate designs."

Sue Stuyvesant coughed to hide an angry, choking sensation in her throat. She was thinking of the woman who did not deem it worth while to spend much time on trimmings, because her market was made.

"A person in society must dress more, you know," Mrs. Brown said, apologetically, as if she herself remembered her previous conversation.

"Do you see much society?" I inquired.

"A considerable," Mrs. Brown answered. "You know, it isn't well to settle down as if one was quite dead."

Sue Stuyvesant pulled at the tassel of her glove until she broke it, remembering the man quite dead, whose friends this sociably inclined woman had driven from his house.

"My dear Miss Sue," Mrs. Brown—Widow exclaimed, turning to my grand girl, "I never came to you for the recipe for chicken salad that you promised me. Why, Miss Sue, I am getting to be quite a famous cook. I have invited a few friends to tea to-night, and I have been in the kitchen all the morning making fancy dishes. It don't do to trust to cooks at all. I will send around to-morrow for that recipe. One of my gentleman friends is particularly fond of chicken salad."

Over my grand girl's face flitted the shadow of a sneer that the trouble this woman gladly took for strong and hearty friends she had begrudged her sick husband.

There was a ring at the door and Mr. Peters was announced. I looked up to see John Peters, whose business had been so heavy that he had made me less frequent visits for a few weeks past.

Mrs. Brown—Widow greeted her visitor with charming cordiality, thanking him heartily for the bouquet he had left the previous day. I began to suspect dimly that John Peters's "heavy business" had some reference to Mrs. Brown—Widow; and now I observed how really beautiful the woman's blue eyes and golden hair were, and what a winning gentleness was in her manner one moment and what a pretty deprecation the next. I saw now how it had happened that Dick Brown, deceased, had preferred the blue eyes and golden hair and pretty manner to Sue Stuyvesant's plainer face and manner without art or deceit. And I—I was a plainer woman than Mrs. Brown—Widow, and her manner I had not. I gave up John Peters just as a few years before Sue Stuyvesant had given up Dick Brown.

John Peters took his seat in the window, but Mrs. Brown—Widow arose instantly and gave him an arm-chair. "The draught may give you cold," she said, with bewitching thoughtfulness.

John Peters smiled his thanks for the kind consideration, and the shadow of Sue Stuyvesant's sneer fell on my face as I thought of the man whose sickness was unto death, and this woman had called it a whimsical conceit.

I came away and left John Peters to the smiles and winning ways and pretty toilet and fancy dishes. There was nothing left for me but the bitter cup out of which Sue Stuyvesant had once drunk.

"My dear," said Sue Stuyvesant, as she bade me "good-by," "we will call on this woman two years hence, and if you feel at this moment wronged and aggrieved by John Peters's conduct, you will say that even in your bitterest wrath you had chosen lighter punishment for his folly than he will receive. Butterflies will go to the mud while they are butterflies, and afterward to their chrysalis state again; and that woman is certain to gravitate to her level and return to her normal condition again."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

San Francisco has been visited with earthquakes again. On October 21 several shocks were felt, doing considerable damage, and thoroughly alarming the inhabitants. Many buildings were entirely demolished; the City Hall was reported a wreck; the patients were removed from the United States Marine Hospital, that building being considered unsafe; and the United States Mint was closed for repairs. Numerous other public buildings were seriously damaged. Four lives were lost by the falling débris. Business was suspended, and the streets were crowded by an excited multitude. Shocks were experienced at Sacramento, Stockton, and other places in the interior, as well as in many places along the coast. Such, in brief, is the report of this disaster, as it first comes by telegraph. Whether more severe tribulations will be revealed by later accounts will be soon known.

It is related of Queen Isabella that as often as her impulses led her to go to Madrid she was dissuaded from her purpose by those around her. Thus she was continually in a distressing state of indecision, which proved her ruin. On returning from the railway station on one of these occasions she wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, that I were only a man!" "And I, too," joined in the King, without reflecting on the sense of the words which he used. It is said that her Majesty broke into a laugh in spite of her despondency.

From Boston exchanges we learn that the American gros grain black silk, which is manufactured in Hartford, Connecticut, has become so popular that the demand greatly exceeds the supply. It appears also that an eminent silk establishment in Lyons, France, with which the Boston firm who have contracted for the sale of the American silks have hitherto had dealings, has examined samples of the silk, and warmly commended its construction and fabric. Moreover, the Lyons house frankly says that its own business will be much diminished in consequence of the introduction of this article. This success is an indication of what American industry may accomplish in the future.

A Louisiana planter, by adopting the following plan, has raised water-melons without seeds: After the vine is about two feet long cover it at a point intermediate between the root and the end. After it has taken root where it is covered divide the vine between the old and new root, and the result will be that the melons will be seedless, without impairing their quality.

Among the sights which are pleasant to behold are a father at a place of amusement with his children; a young man with a clear eye, and a fresh, virtuous, unhackneyed face; a shop-girl neatly dressed, and without sham ornamentation; a man of business going home at night with a bouquet for his wife; a shopkeeper civil to, and patient with a poor woman who, with a baby across her arm, ventures to buy a one-shilling article; a dress-maker who is scientific enough to perfect "a fit," and yet leave your breathing apparatus in Christian working condition; a shop that is not an "emporium;" a milliner who didn't come from Paris; a jolly domestic who likes "the family;" a bride with her pet, small house; a young father with his first boy.

In California cattle live upon green pasture in winter and upon dry fodder in summer. Dairy farming is confined almost exclusively to the mountainous regions north of San Francisco. There is a single establishment which is said to employ two hundred men, and to keep two thousand cows.

The Grecian Bend is readily distinguished from colic—so say physicians—by the expression of countenance, which in the former disease is complacent and self-satisfied. Nevertheless, in both cases the patient appears as if she had eaten two green apples and then drank a pint of milk. Some wise one recommends the following prescription, which, if taken three times a day, after being well shaken (that is, the patient), will certainly cure:

15 drops of paregoric.
2 ounces of decency.
4 ounces of common-sense.

The dose is to be increased if one expects to promenade Broadway during the day.

A Maine paper tells of a miraculous fall of a Bangor man from a three-story building. While making his descent, the idea occurred to his mind to place himself in as good a position as possible to receive the shock of the termination of his involuntary journey. Accordingly he kept his arms close by his side, slightly drew up his lower limbs, in order not to alight on his feet, and thus probably shatter his bones; and the result was, his injuries were limited to a few comparatively harmless bruises. A remarkable instance of presence of mind.

"I can't vote," remarked an old lady, in a Pennsylvania railroad car, when the vote of the passengers was taken, "but I am going to keep one Seymour man at home!" Evidently her political views were clearer than those of a solemn-looking lady who, in a recent canvass of the passengers on a Connecticut railroad train, was sportively asked which way she would vote. She didn't understand the question. It was repeated. "Are you for Grant or Seymour, Madam?" "Grantersemer!" replied the indignant female. "Don't know of any sich place; I am a-goin' to Norwich!"

In Lyons peaches have this year been a drug in the market. Fifteen or twenty can be bought for a single sou, and dealers are obliged to throw away baskets-full, being unable to dispose of them even at that price. It is a pity we could not have some of them in our markets.

Mr. Hughes, the working-men's candidate for Parliament from Lambeth, England, has refused to avail himself of the usual corrupt means for securing his election. He stated that he did not intend to use any public room in the borough, nor to "bill" himself all over the walls of the borough, nor to stick up "Hughes forever," but he would meet the electors at public meetings in every part of the borough, and explain to them the grounds of his political faith; that he did not believe in the old electioneering machinery, and would not use it. It was nothing but bribery, only bribery, in a form which brought the briber under no risk of losing his seat.

An arrangement has been entered into between the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique (French mail steamers), the Panama Railroad, and the Pacific Mail Company, by which a new route is opened for shippers and passengers to the Continent of Europe. The regular time occupied by this new route is to be fifty-four days from Yokohama to St. Nazaire, France; but this is capable of being lessened by four or five days, if the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, desirous of sharing in the carrying-trade in that direction, will use some little effort to expedite it. This route offers many advantages to dealers in silk-worm eggs, and they are already giving it a trial.

Angling is becoming a successful fashion among ladies in England. At Gordon Castle, on the River Spey, reports state that the Countess of Sandwich caught two salmon, one of seven pounds weight and one of five pounds. Lady Caroline Lennox caught one of seventeen pounds, and Lady Florence Lennox one of twenty-three pounds weight.

An American gentleman, who was recently in London, desired to have an advertisement inserted in the London *Times*. It was on a Thursday that he carried it to the office, requesting it to be inserted the next morning, and at the same time asking the price to be paid. "It will be seven-and-sixpence," was the reply, "and will go in as soon as possible." "But," said the gentleman, "when will that be?" "Oh! by Monday or Tuesday," responded the clerk. "Put it in to-morrow," persisted the gentleman, "for I must remain in London for that alone. I will gladly pay any price." The clerk was unmoved. "We don't do business in that way!" he replied, gravely.

Fruit is very good and healthful food. But it should not be crowded into the stomach when the appetite has been wholly sated with other food, nor should it be swallowed at all hours of the day any more than other articles of diet. Fresh, ripe fruit, taken at proper times, in suitable quantities, is seldom if ever injurious. Otherwise eaten, it becomes a *fruitful* source of disease.

A work has recently been published by M. Emile Andreoli, who took part in the last Polish insurrection, and on his capture by the Russians was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment in Siberia. He says that on some occasions an electric battery has been used by the Russian police, to compel prisoners to answer questions. Even this was not more cruel than the "torture of the herring," which is described by those who have endured it as terrible. Prisoners were confined in a well-warmed apartment, salted herrings with bread and water for the first few days being their only food. If they refused to answer the questions of the examining commissioners the bread was first withdrawn, and then the water; whereupon the torture of intense thirst commenced, depriving the sufferer of all moral strength, and even making him abandon the resolution which he had formed to die. Very rarely did any one remain mute when brought before the commissioners a second time.

One of the city physicians of Cincinnati, Ohio, reports that in two cases during the heated term he tried the following treatment for sun-stroke with success: Warm water was applied to the head, on cloths, as warm as the skin could bear without injury. Consciousness was very soon restored. Liquor ammoniæ acetatis was administered internally as a stimulant. This may be worth remembering till next July.

A good story is told of a bright Chicago woman. Her husband owned a span of horses, and during his absence, one time, she speculated a little by "exchanging" the steeds for a tract of five acres of flat prairie land south of the city. That was two years ago, and the other day she was offered twenty thousand dollars for the land.

An experiment is now being made in Australia in regard to the preservation of fresh meat by a chemical process, founded on a late discovery of Professor Faraday. It consists in freezing it by evaporation; but no exact description of the process has yet been given. Sheep raisers in Australia have subscribed £10,000 to carry on the experiment with, and 300 tons of meat have been shipped to England on trial.

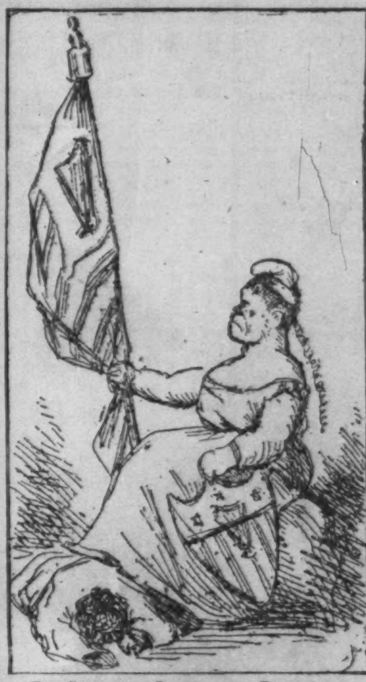
Not long ago, while an old building in this city was being taken down, the workmen discovered in an old rat's nest a roll of bills amounting to two hundred and fifty dollars. Eight years ago one of the occupants of the house lost the money, and a young clerk boarding there was suspected of the robbery, and, on being arrested, was convicted of the crime and sent to prison, with character ruined and bereft of friends. He gave way to dissipation, and eventually died on Blackwell's Island. This sad story conveys its own moral.

A new journal, specially devoted to architecture, has been recently started in Philadelphia. It is called the *Architectural Review and Builder's Journal*, and is probably the only periodical in the United States devoted to this subject. It promises to be valuable not only to professional builders, but also to private individuals who are interested in the comfort or elegance of houses.

The origin of the exultant interjection *hurrah* is as old as the Sclavonic race. The source of the word is in the primitive Oriental idea that every man who dies for his country goes to heaven—*Hu-rij*, the Sclavonian derivative, meaning, literally, "To Paradise."

The details of the size of the English Parliament clock are wonderful. It is stated that the dials are twenty-two feet in diameter. Every half minute the point of the minute-hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, and strikes only for seven and a half, so as to indicate by its silence any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding of each of the striking parts will take two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the wheels are of cast-iron, the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing fourteen to fifteen tons. The weight of the hammer is four hundred weight.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY IN A DEMOCRATIC PROCESSION.

BAD INVESTMENTS.—Ritualistic practices are foolish and decidedly *bad in vestments*.

Isabella, Queen of Spain,
Mizzled when she could not *reign!*

A ROARING TRADE—Keeping a menagerie.

"WE THINK SO."—May a stupid song be called an *absurd ditty?*

THE MODERN WAY.

INTELLIGENT BURGLAR. "Well, now look here—if there's no arrest, I'll give up half—that's $10,000—the other half I'll keep, for, hang it, I must have something for my trouble."

DETECTIVE. "Oh, of course—and a very fair arrangement—and I'll take half the balance for my trouble, and the owner will be $5000 better off than if he had arrested you."

WATERING-PLACES—Dairies.

A BROAD STATEMENT.—A man who has made a tour among the sects reports that, so far as he can learn, the Unitarians don't care what a man believes if he only does well; the Presbyterians don't care what a man does if he only believes; the Episcopalians don't care what a man does or believes if he only belongs to their Church.

"THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND"—"The deil tak' ye!"

"Your son, Madam, persists in doing nothing," says the director.

"Then," replies the woman, by no means disconcerted, "you should give him the prize for perseverance."

A cobbler has a sole purpose in life.

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said the suitor; "it's more like climbing up to it!"

THE MOST FORMAL OF FLOWERS—The primrose.

TWO USES OF A FAN.

My darling Julia hides her pretty face
Behind her fan in tantalizing fashion.
With her 'tis cool and pleasant; but with me
It fans the flame of a devouring passion.

An old-fashioned clergyman, named More, was riding on horseback one stormy day, enveloped in a loose cloak of large proportions, and having a broad scarlet collar. By the action of the wind the cloak was tossing about in all directions, when a gentleman rode up on a spirited horse which shied, and almost threw the rider.

"That cloak of yours would frighten the devil," said the gentleman.

"You don't say so!" replied Mr. More; "why, that's just my trade."

A ROUND DOZEN—A dozen of eggs.

"Waiter, is this a spring chicken? Most remarkable fowl I ever attempted an assault upon." "Yes, Sir, nice spring chicken; nothing else at this establishment. Don't you see, Sir, it springs every time you try to put a knife into it?" Customer realizes the sad fact; and, after half an hour's futile exercise of the knife and fork, calls for a plate of hash.

IMAGINARY SCHOLARS—The pupils of your eyes.

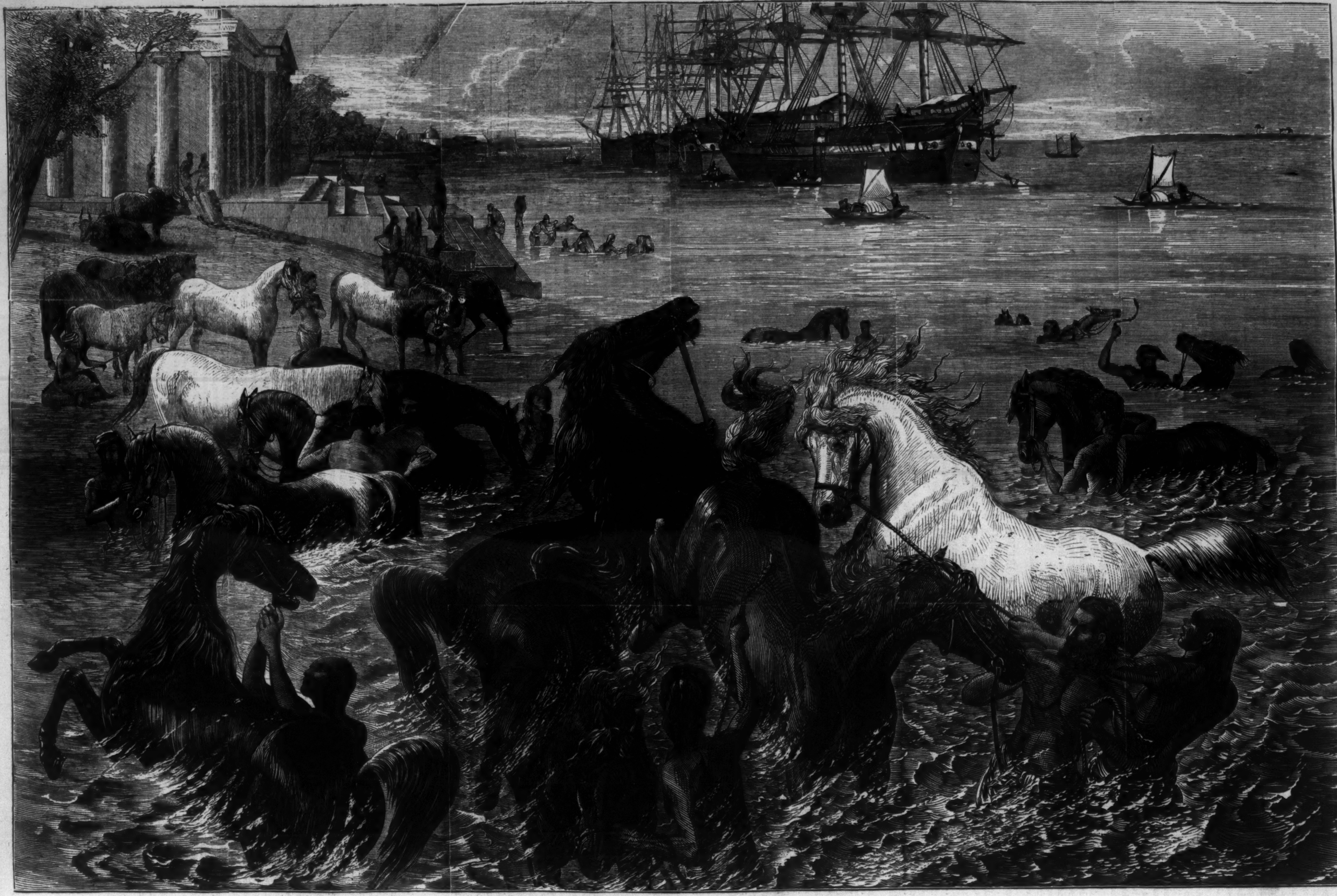
That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said: "Where will you find any modern building that lasted so long as the ancient?"

A LONE MAN—The pawnbroker.

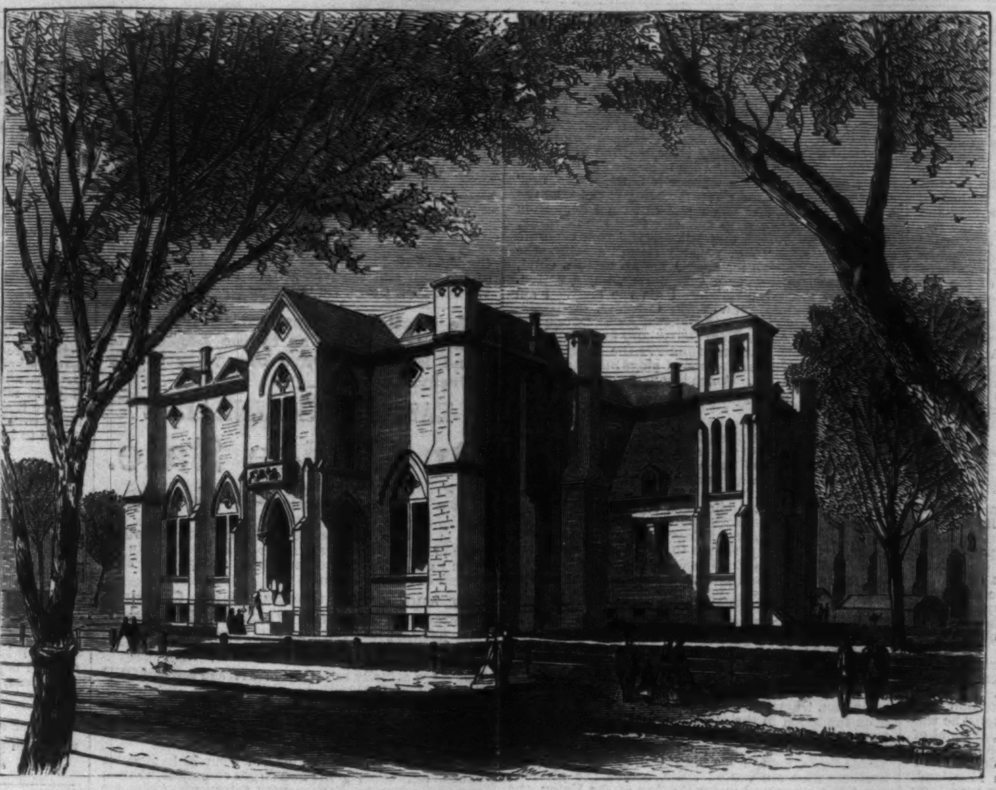
A lady went out with her little girl and boy, purchased the latter a rubber balloon, which escaped him and went up in the air. The girl, seeing tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Neddy; when you die and go to heaven, you'll dit it."

PERSONS WHO NEED WATCHING—Those who never know what time it is.

"Guilty or not Guilty?" sharply said the city judge the other day, to an inattentive female prisoner in the dock. "Just as yer Honor pelases; it's not for the likes o' me to dictate to yer Honor's worship," was the reply.



THE HORSES' MORNING BATH AT CALCUTTA.—[See Page 714.]



YALE SCHOOL OF THE FINE ARTS, NEW HAVEN.—PHOT. BY BUNDY AND WILLIAMS, NEW HAVEN.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.

LAUNT THOMPSON's noble statue of General **JOHN SEDGWICK**, of the Sixth Corps, of which we gave a picture two weeks ago, was unveiled on Wednesday, June 21, at West Point, with appropriate ceremonies. The day was unfortunately rainy and unpleasant; but a large number of noted officers of the war, many of them warm personal friends of **SEDGWICK**, was assembled, and the order arranged by the officers of the Corps was punctually observed. The parade of the cadets, the distinguished military groups upon the platform, the magnificent music, the natural charms of the spot, and the interest of the occasion made it all very memorable. The oration was delivered by **GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS**, and we print as much of it as our space will permit:

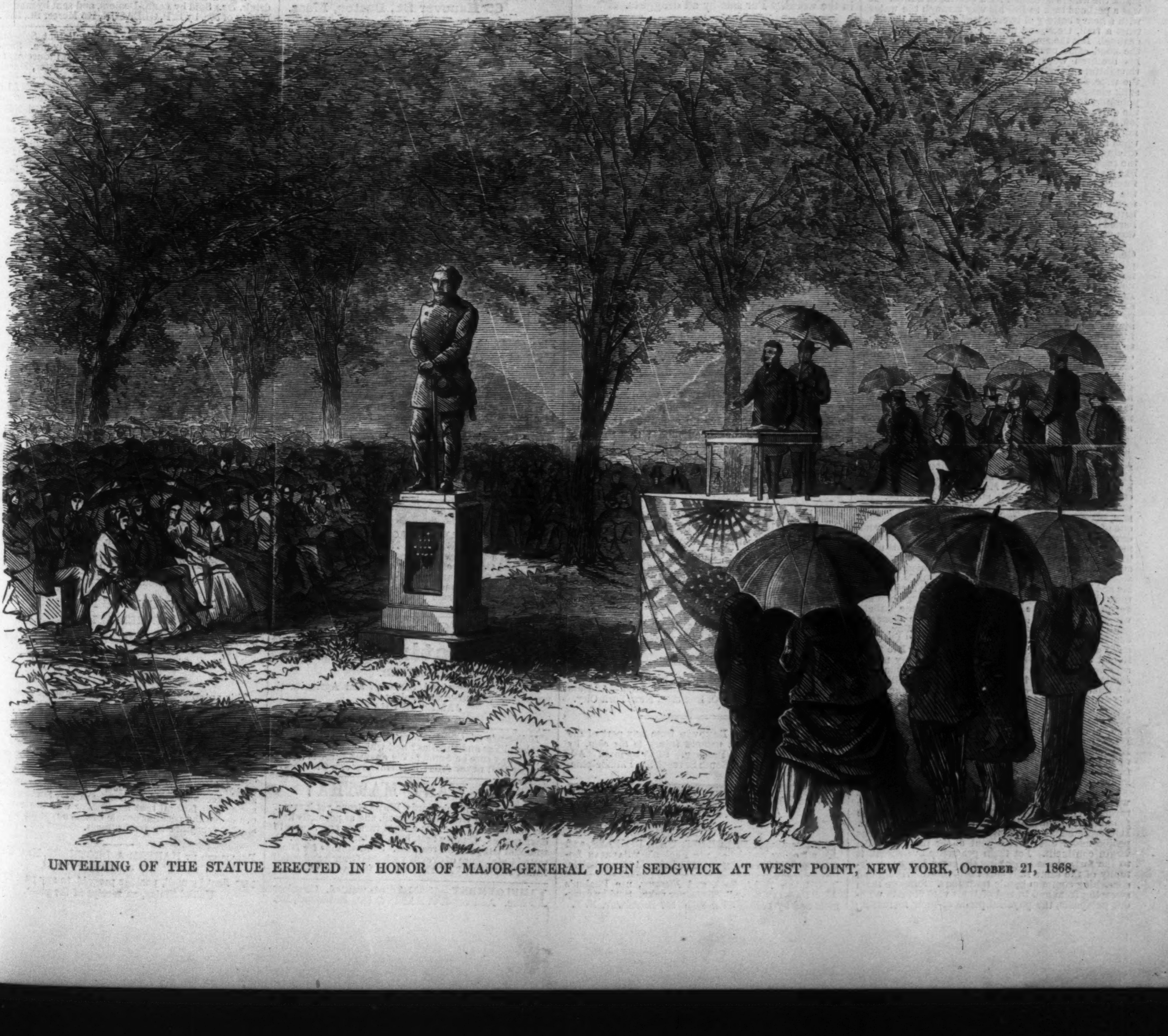
Under this October sky, among these historic hills, with this historic river flowing at our feet; here upon ground that **WASHINGTON** trod, and which knew the darkest tragedy of the Revolution; beneath that flag—the bright morning-star of hope to the nations—the flag that now floats unchallenged from this central post to the remotest frontier; surrounded by fields golden with immeasurable harvests, by homes of happiness and peace, by hearts of fidelity to country and to man, we come to honor the memory of the brave and modest soldier who died to give to our homes that peace, to confirm in our hearts that fidelity, to keep those fields prosperous and secure; your father, men of the Sixth Corps, our soldier, fellow-citizens, the silent, affectionate, heroic leader, whom the eye desiring sees not, whom the ear attentive hears not; "whose part in all the pomp that fills the circuit of the autumn hills is that his grave is green." "Death hath this also," says **BACON**, "that it openeth the gate to good fame" But good fame in turn conquers death. He is not dead, although we no more see him. Behold how vast and various is his life! In this fair and noble statue he lives again. On the most heroic page of history he breathes and moves. In your hearts he is immortal. In the deeper splendor of the flag he bore, in the supremacy of the Union he maintained, in the equal liberty in that Union which he secured, in the larger power and increasing justice of the regenerated country that he served, **JOHN SEDGWICK** lives now, and shall live forever. Natural and noble and beautiful is the instinct that inspires our hands to build monuments to the illustrious dead. We carve their names upon memorial stone, exquisitely the sculptor moulds their forms in bronze or marble; but they carve their own names upon history, they impress civilization with their likeness; and whiter than marble, more lasting than bronze, is the monument which their influence builds in the purer purpose and nobler life of a nation. The American Union is a great monument of **WASHINGTON** and the men of the Revolution—the American Union, as the security of equal rights, is the monument of **SEDGWICK** and of 300,000 of our brothers who rest with him.

* * * * * * *

In Europe, three centuries ago, the cause of the people took form as the Protestant Reform, and transferred to the battle-field was the thirty-years' war. In England—drawn to a finer point in the sermons of stern preachers, in the debates in Parliament, in the loud snarl of pamphlets—it was known as Puritanism. But at length it was preaching and debating no longer. At Edgehill **JOHN PYM**'s speeches had become pikes, and **CHARLES**'s falsehoods swords. The Cavalier fought for privilege—the Puritan for the people. The struggle was fierce and long, and when the smoke of battle rolled away, Puritanism remained bivouacked upon the field. But its complete victory was reserved for another century and another continent. The old Puritanism was doubtless gloomy and severe—the tree that bore the rosy and delicate fruit of American liberty was knotted and gnarled. But while the Cavalier, the Tory, and the Aristocrat, here as every where, have always derided Puritanism, remember that the greatest of all English rulers was a Puritan—the greatest of all England's poets but one was a Puritan. The Puritan policy abroad swept the Mediterranean of pirates, and protected the Protestants of France and Savoy. The Puritan policy at home defended civil and religious liberty against despotism, mitred as a bishop and crowned as a king. Crossing the sea it planted the snows and rocks of New England with the seed of popular liberty and equal rights. The harvest is as vigorous as the soil, for freedom is a rude plant and loves the cooler latitudes. In the auspicious air of a new continent the Puritan spirit became modified, mellowed, and enlarged. Out of strength came forth sweetness. Government by church-members became government by the people. **JOHN PYM** became **JAMES OTIS**. The larger and generous Puritanism of America inspired the Revolution. They were Puritan guns whose echo is endless upon Bunker Hill. It was the Puritan spirit that spoke in the Declaration of Independence. It was the Puritan will that shook the glittering hand of the Cavalier Burgoyne from the Hudson. It was to the Puritan idea that **CORNWALLIS** surrendered at Yorktown, and eighty-three years later it was the Cavalier who again surrendered to the Puritan under the Appomattox apple-tree. Those stern, sad men, in peaked hats, who prayed in camp, and despised love-locks, and at whom quibblers in politics laugh and swear to-day, were the indomitable vanguard of moral and political freedom. If they snuffled in prayer they smote in fight—if they sang through their noses, the hymn they chanted was liberty—if they aimed at a divine monarchy, they have founded the freest, the most enlightened, the most prosperous, the most powerful Republic in history.

As we look back to-day upon that tremendous conflict, we see emerging from the bitter smoke the grim champion of the people, **OLIVER CROMWELL**, and by his side there rides a sturdy Puritan, Major-General **ROBERT SEDGWICK**. When **CROMWELL** became Protector he sent his General as a commissioner to Jamaica, and when the King returned the Puritan decided to remain in America. "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." And more than a century after Naseby and Worcester, a descendant of **ROBERT SEDGWICK**, a major in the Revolutionary Army, defended the good old cause at Valley Forge. At the end of the war he was made a Major-General of militia, and his house, which the Connecticut Tories had burned while he was away, was rebuilt for him by his townsmen. It was in the little town of Cornwall, in the pleasant Valley of the Housatonic, in the northwest part of Connecticut, the State of **PUTNAM** and of **WOOSTER**; and there his grandson, our General **JOHN**, was born, on the 13th of September, 1813. He is remembered as a quiet farmer's boy, going to the common-school, and working in the peaceful fields of Cornwall Hollow. A generous, manly lad—a natural leader among his companions. But the spirit of the Ironsides trooper and of the Continental volunteer was in his blood, and as a little boy he called himself "General **JOHN SEDGWICK**." Thus a soldier, born of soldiers, on the 1st July, 1833, when he was twenty years old, he came here to the Military Academy, where, three years later, he was graduated, and was promoted Second Lieutenant of the Second Artillery. He served immediately in the Florida War against the Indians, a little later upon the northern frontier during the Canadian border troubles, and was engaged in recruiting at various stations.

In your name, gentlemen, and in your presence—here, in the school in which our officers are trained, I deny that to become a soldier is to cease to be a citizen and a man. I deny that a soldier is a moral hermaphrodite for whom right and wrong do not exist. I deny that in a noble breast, whether in or out of uniform, the sense of loyalty to a flag will be deeper and stronger than that of loyalty to conscience and to manhood. And if our own Heaven-born stars and stripes should ever become the black flag of infamy and injustice, it is an insult to you as to your fellow-citizens, to suppose that you or they would imagine it to be an honorable duty to bear it. We are citizens of the world before we are citizens of a country; we are men before we are Americans, *ubi libertas ibi patria*, and our duty as Americans is to make America the home of noble men, and that flag the flag of lib-



UNVEILING OF THE STATUE ERECTED IN HONOR OF MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK AT WEST POINT, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1868.

erty for mankind. In our late war it was not the resignation of their commissions by those who felt, however mistaken in our judgment, that they could not honestly fight under the flag which cast so deep an odium upon them. It was not the conscience, it was the want of conscience. It was not the honest conviction, it was the treachery that was so despicable. If Benedict Arnold, whose name is forever tragically associated with this spot, had honestly resigned his commission, the consequences might for a time have been deplorable; but his name would not be infamous. It was the treachery that dooms him to eternal execration. It was not that Twiggs wished to leave the army, it was his base surrender of men and material that blackens his name. It was not the resignation of Lee that forever marks him, it was his following the flag of a cause which he confessed he saw no reason for unrolling. The condemnation of all West Pointers who resigned was not of the soldiers, but of the men. It was that they obeyed the authority of States, which they said they held to be paramount, when that authority ordered them to raise the flag of injustice and inhumanity. If it be said that a soldier must obey commands, whatever they may be, I reply that no honorable man will remain for a moment in a position which demands dishonor. If King Herod order his officer to slay all infants under two years of age, he will refuse longer to be an officer of Herod's, and if every officer did so, Herod's murders would be left undone. "I have ever had in my mind," says Algernon Sidney, "that when God should cast me into such a condition as that I can not save my life but by doing an indecent thing, He shows me the time has come when I should resign it," and when that time came he did resign it. He did not say that my King orders it, my State commands it; he said, my conscience forbids it, and he died.

It is not possible, and you will not expect, that I should trace our soldier step by step in his career. Before the late war his service was that of all the officers of his time, and he rose, by brave and brilliant conduct in the field and faithful duty out of it, until the spring of 1861, which found him Major of the First Cavalry, and engaged in the building of Fort Wise, near Pike's Peak, in Colorado. From this remote retirement the shot at Sumter brought him into the constant and conspicuous service in which the brief remainder of his life was passed. In March, 1861, he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Cavalry; in April, Colonel of the First; in August he was appointed, in the place of Robert E. Lee, Colonel of the Fourth Cavalry, and in the same month Brigadier-General of Volunteers, serving in the defenses of Washington and along the Potomac in Maryland. When the Virginia Peninsular campaign opened John Sedgwick was a Division Commander, and his story to his death is that of the Army of the Potomac.

See how the story opened, for it ended as it began. After the battle of Williamsburg the first considerable action was that of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. The mass of the Union army lay upon the eastern side of the Chickahominy, and two corps, counting about 30,000 men, were upon the other shore. A furious storm in the night promised to swell the river to an impassable flood, and in the morning the whole rebel force bore down upon the Union lines, to annihilate one wing of the army in full sound and sight of their brothers, hopelessly separated from them. All the morning the battle hotly raged; the Union troops were slowly, slowly driven back. By noon the river began to rise. General Sumner, who was upon the eastern shore, and in whose corps General Sedgwick commanded a division, was ordered to cross, and he sent word to Sedgwick, the "always ready," as General Scott used to call him, to advance; but as Sedgwick came toward the bridge he saw that the river had become a sea, sweeping fiercely by. Far out in the midst of the waves a plank, apparently anchored, showed the channel; beyond the further end of the plank the waters stretched for a quarter of a mile. It was a perilous task to feel his way through the water with a heavy battery of twenty-four guns, and then to trust a frail, trembling plank for the passage of the channel. But the smoke and roar of the battle beyond the flood came nearer and nearer, and he knew that his brethren were sorely pressed. After a calm, thoughtful survey he gave the word "Forward." Into the waters moved the steady line; the gun-carriages sunk almost to the guns—floundered, staggered; but, painfully dragging on, soldiers and batteries crossed the quivering bridge, which was whirled away as they left it. Toiling again through the swift water and the mire, an hour and a half before sunset Sedgwick came upon the field. The rebels, flushed with success, were driving their victorious columns as a wedge between the centre and the right of our wavering forces; but, like his ironside ancestor, Sedgwick swiftly advanced, formed his line, opened his batteries, and shattered the wedge. The wasted foe recoiled before his tremendous fire, his whole division in blazing line of battle moved steadily on, seized the stricken enemy, hurled him into the woods, and the battle of Fair Oaks was won.

On the 4th of July, 1862, Sedgwick was made Major-General of Volunteers. In all that great army, struggling in the slimy toils of the Peninsula, there was no officer more trusted and beloved than this most unobtrusive man, this almost ideal American soldier. In person not tall, with dark hair, dark, still, almost solemn eyes, with the tranquil aspect of reserved power, who did not talk much or loudly, but who was always gayly chaffing his associates, who was smilingly suspicious of newspaper fame, and never went to Washington; a man of iron will, promptly obedient, and therefore requiring exact obedience. In council clear and swift, in action every faculty nimbly alive, his powers intensely concentrated, his soul glowing with eager purpose, as at a white heat, but not mastered either by victory or defeat. He had all the cardinal soldierly qualities, the positive masculine manly traits, but with them that depthless tenderness and sweet humor that complete the finest natures.

* * * * * * *

Emerging from the Wilderness on the 9th of May, the army was concentrated around Spottsylvania Court House, General Sedgwick and his corps holding the left of the line. It was Monday morning, and the General was watching his men place the guns. He was sitting under a tree, talking with General M'Mahon, his Adjutant-General and warm personal friend, one of the young heroes whom the war discovered and developed, and whose brilliant service and rapid promotion showed how wisely Sedgwick chose his men. The General was speaking proudly and tenderly of his staff and his corps, when observing some mistake in the work of the men, he said, abruptly, "That's wrong." He and his Adjutant arose together, and as they moved toward the working parties the rebel sharp-shooters began to fire. The soldiers dodged as the bullets whistled. "Come, come, men," said the General, smiling, "dodging for single bullets! Why, they couldn't hit an elephant at this distance." "Ah, General," said one of the men behind a tree, "I've tried it, and believe in dodging." "Very well, my man," said Sedgwick, "go to your place, but I tell you they can't hit an elephant here." He turned, still smiling, to continue the conversation with his Adjutant, who heard the sharp, low, singing sound of a bullet, ending dully, and Sedgwick sank slowly to the ground. His friend, M'Mahon, vainly tried to support him. He bent over him, and spoke to him with passionate eagerness. But Sedgwick did not answer. His eyes were closed. His hands were clasped. The sweet smile lingered upon his face. A little blood trickled down the cheek from beneath the left eye. His heart beat gently for a moment, and was still.

Sedgwick died, but the victory was won. What was the victory? It was twofold. First, it was the revelation of an overpowering national instinct as the foundation of the Union. It dissipated old theories. It interpreted the Constitution. Plant a homogeneous people under one Government along the coast of a virgin continent. Let them gradually overspread it to the farther sea—speaking the same language, virtually of the same religious faith, intermarrying and cherishing common heroic traditions. Suppose them sweeping from end to end of their vast domain without passports, the physical perils of their increasing extent constantly modified by science. Steam and the telegraph making Maine and Oregon neighbors, their trade enormous, their prosperity a miracle, their Commonwealth of unsurpassed power and importance in the world, and you may theorize of divided sovereignty as you will, but you have supposed an imperial nation, which may indeed be a power of evil as well as of good, but which, until it is fatally demoralized, can no more recede into its original elements and local sources than this abounding river, pouring broad and resistless into the sea, can turn backward to the petty forest springs and rills whence it flows. "No, no," murmurs the exultant river, "when you can take the blue out of the sky; when you can steal heat from fire; when you can strip splendor from the morning, then, and not before, may you reclaim your separate drops in me." "Yes, yes, my river," answers the Union; "you speak for me. I am no more a child, but a man; no longer a confederacy, but a nation. The States are the members; I am the body. I am no more Virginia, New York, Carolina, or Massachusetts. I am the United States of America, one and indivisible!" Amen! roar Gettysburg and Vicksburg and Port Royal. Amen! thunders the *Kearsarge* as she sinks the *Alabama*. Amen! sings Sherman as he marches to the sea. Amen! says Sedgwick as he sinks dead at Spottsylvania.

But the victory was more than that. A great nation may be a great curse to humanity. An imperial flag may be a black flag of injustice. It is not great power, it is the great *use* of power that is admirable. The true triumph of the war is, not that the Union shall henceforth be an undivided Power merely, but that it shall be an undivided Power of Justice and Equal Rights. From the first, two principles have struggled for its control; and the evil principle, finding that, by all the laws of Heaven and of human prosperity, it was failing, sought to ruin what it could not rule. Baffled in its bloody effort, let us now take care—with malice toward none, with charity for all—that it be baffled forever. But this can be done only by constant activity. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, because its foe is as crafty as it is cruel. If it is beaten in one form it will try another. The magician who was a tiger yesterday will be a fox to-day. Sedgwick died to preserve the integrity of the Union. We live that we may preserve its justice. From the three hundred thousand who see not this peaceful autumn sun, from field and river, from mount and sea, from the blood in the streets of Baltimore, from the torture and despair of Andersonville, from Fort Wagner and Fort Pillow, and Spottsylvania, from all your heroic fields, men of the Sixth Corps, and from your brothers who are buried there, comes the glorious cry, "We conquered under the flag of the Union, the flag that promised liberty. We won our victory and died. See that you die rather than surrender it."

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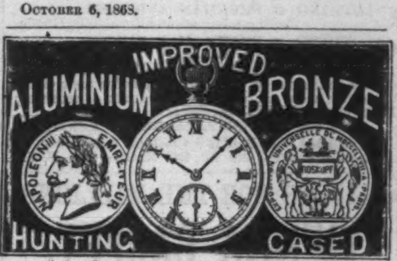

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